

The AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

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MARCH 19, 1920

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NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS AMERICAN LEGION

Indianapolis, Ind.

To the Editor:

March 16, 1920.

You have said it. The gang is with you.

Those of us who happened to be in the know realized, of course, that THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY would achieve an early triumph over the vicissitudes of abnormal publishing conditions and report back for duty.



The National Commander

There were thousands not so fortunately situated. The whys and wherefores behind the change of station to New York and consequent temporary status of "sk in hosp" were dark to them. Did their morale weaken? Not so I could observe it. THE WEEKLY has stood the true test. Faith in the Legion and faith in its voice, THE WEEKLY, I find, are one. We know the two fight together and nothing can stay their hands in the battle for the common cause.

In blue denims? Give it not a thought. What Legionnaire has not worn them? Fatigue clothes or serge, the gang is with you—with you stronger than horse-radish and until the cows come home. Let me be among the first to hail your return to the outfit.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANKLIN D'OLIER,

National Commander.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

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H&W

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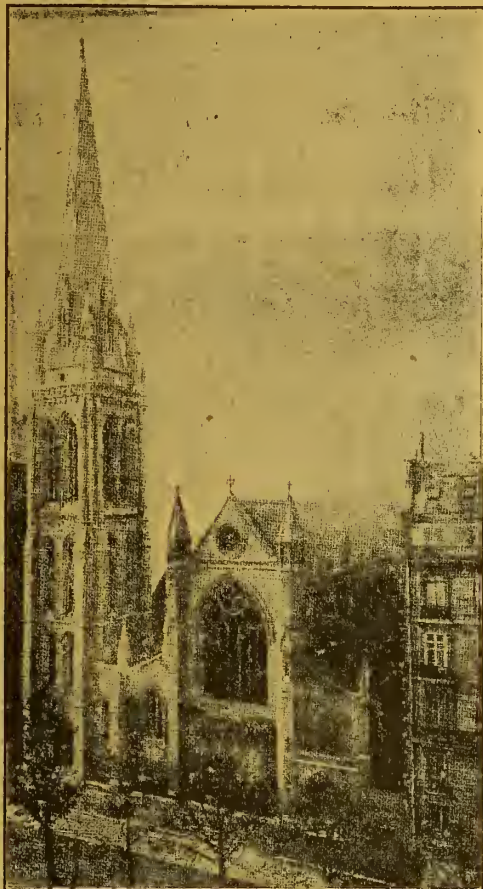
Our August list of carefully selected investment offerings will be gladly furnished upon request.

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

BOSTON	<i>Investment Securities</i>	NEW YORK
PORTLAND		CHICAGO
PROVIDENCE	<i>Founded in 1888</i>	DETROIT

Members of the New York, Boston and Chicago Stock Exchanges

Every One Is Asked to Do His Bit for "America's War Memorial Church in France"



The American Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris.

The American Church of the Holy Trinity, Paris

A Vital Center of Influence and Work in the "Greater America in France After the War."

Endorsed by Generals Pershing, Liggett, Bullard, Wood, and Barnett; Admiral Sims, Wilson, and Knapp; Senior Chaplain (Bishop) Brent; other officers and men; General Convention of the Episcopal Church; patriotic citizens of many creeds; War Memorial also endorsed by the American Legion.

W H Y ?

BECAUSE:

- 1—It is the only American edifice in Europe which can give itself to a great plan of memorials to our Hero Dead.
- 2—It became during the War and will continue to be the Nation's Church, attended by *Americans of every creed* at the National, Military and other services.
- 3—It will continue to be an outstanding center of influence and service in the lives of thousands of Americans, students, and others in the "Greater America in France After the War," perpetuating the spirit of the 70,000 Americans lying under white crosses, who, like Christ, "loved not their lives unto the death."

War Memorial Plan.

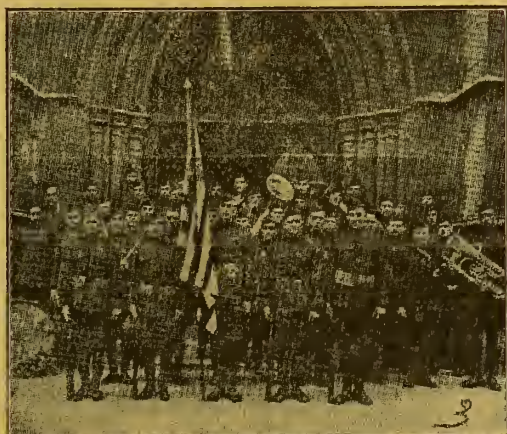
- 1—Annual Memorial and Armistice Day Services.
- 2—Two great tablets to America's and the Allies' Dead.
- 3—Forty tablets to the Combat Divisions, Navy, Ambulance Corps, Aviation, Engineers, American Red Cross, and Welfare Organizations.
- 4—Standards and flags.
- 5—Complete Gold Star records, open to all; and
- 6—A Book of Remembrance of all for whom gifts are made.

Also—A Memorial Endowment Fund to perpetuate in vital service in France (largely among Americans) the spirit of our Hero Dead and their Master Christ.

It is hoped that American Legion Posts and American Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, and War Workers in memory of comrades named will

SUBSCRIBE TO THE HALF-MILLION-DOLLAR MEMORIAL FUND.

Send to Captain Elliot Bacon (304 F. A., A. E. F.), Treasurer, care of J. P. Morgan & Co., Wall Street, New York.
Rev. Ernest M. Stires, D. D. (Overseas Service, 1918), American Chairman.
Rev. Frederick W. Beekman (Chaplain-Director, American Soldiers' and Sailors' Club, Paris), Rector.
Major A. G. Thacher (306th Infantry, A. E. F.), Executive Secretary.



Headquarters (303rd) U. S. Infantry Band with Color Guard on Church steps before playing at "Military Service" to which it was ordered every Sunday by the Commanding General.



"Ice Cream Angels" of the American Soldiers' and Sailors' Club (at Hospital 5) with the wounded from Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood.

You, too \$5,000.00 can earn a year!

Yes, \$5,000 a year. I want men and women to act as my representatives in every city and town of the United States. No matter what your past experience has been, no matter how much money you are making now, you can make from two to five times as much and your work will be easier and much more pleasant.

I manufacture the Comer line of rain coats, rain capes and water-proof aprons. It is a high quality line of goods. The finest that can be manufactured with the most modern machinery and the best skilled help in the country. People know that a Comer coat is right in quality and right in style. They know that every Comer coat is an excellent bargain.

Big New Factory Now Being Built

Last year my factory could not make enough coats to fill our orders and right now I am building a beautiful, big modern sun-lit factory that will have five times the capacity of my former plant.

I want representatives with ambition and pep. I want high-grade people. I want men and women who have energy and plenty of backbone.

I paid A. McDonough of Washington \$813.89 for one month's work. W. H. Shew of N. Carolina made a net profit of \$42.00 in three days. C. E. Purviance of Ohio made a net profit of \$580.52 in twenty-five working days. In one day he made \$53.00. Fred Cooksey of Ohio wound up his month with \$333.00 added to his bank account.


These are records of ordinary men. They are not experts and you can do just as well as any one of them.

This Is Your Chance for Big Success


There is no use trying to live to-day on the same income that you had two years ago. The only way to beat the high cost of living is to make enough money so that you won't have to worry about high prices. This is your chance to make more money.

Think of this: Overcoats this year are costing anywhere from \$35.00 to \$100.00 and still you can sell a genuine Comer raincoat made to the customer's individual measure up-to-the-minute in style, perfect in workmanship, as low as \$6.00 and you would make a handsome profit out of the sale.


Every man, woman and child needs a raincoat and you can make from \$3.00 to \$30.00 profit on the orders from a single family.



A. McDONOUGH
\$1687.58 net
profit in
three months.



B. E. CONNORS
made
\$375.70 in
one month.



J. J. MAHER
whose profit
for one week
was \$131.00.

I Will Pay You \$5,000 a Year for Eight Average Orders a Day

That's a plain, definite proposition. Connors took 12 orders in one day. Shew took 25 orders in three days. Purviance took 13 orders in one day.

If these people can do that well and if Cooper can make \$100.00 in one morning's work then think what a chance this is for you.

I Fur- nish Full Equipment

I have started thousands of people on the road to success. I tell you where to go, what to say and how to make the money. You don't have to wait for your profits, you get them immediately. I finance you. If you mean business I will stand back of you and help you to succeed.

Just Mail the Coupon, Don't Send Any Money

It doesn't cost you a cent to get started and it will mean thousands of dollars to you if you act quick.

Mail the coupon and get all the facts about this proposition.

Remember if you become a Comer agent you get the cash as soon as you earn it, there is no waiting and no investment in stock.

If you want \$5,000 a year or if you want to make from \$2.00 to \$5.00 an hour during your spare time just write your name on this coupon with a pen or pencil, tear it off and mail it at once.

Act right now

COMER RAINCOATS

The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. F-42 DAYTON, OHIO

Sign and Mail Today

Name.....
Address.....
Post Office.....
State.....

THE COMER
MFG. CO.

Dept. F. 42
Dayton, Ohio.
Gentlemen:

Please tell me how without investing any money I can become your agent and make \$5,000 a year or from \$2.00 to \$5.00 an hour for my spare time. Also send me without charge, your offer of a rain coat for myself.



The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

Official Publication of The American Legion

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Vladivostok and Points West

The Region Where Barishnas Supplanted Demoiselles, Vodka
Vin Rouge and Bolsheviks Battled for the Boche



THE last of the American expedition to Siberia is coming home. The men who "fought the war" in the Far East have weird yarns to tell—stories of guard duty, Japanese allies, Bolshevik marauders, and all-abiding perplexity. Unreality has been their work-a-day lot through two summers, two winters and the intervening seasons. Reasons of state and paper-and-ink strategy are not convincing to troops in the field, surrounded by madmen, and equipped for campaign.

"A. E. F. Siberia." That was an alluring legend in the summer of 1918 when we pulled away from the transport dock in San Francisco, en route to Russki-land. We, who were chosen from the Eighth Division at Camp Fremont, California, to join the Allied expedition, stirred up considerable envy among camp mates who had the shadow of abundant training between them and France. Non-commissioned officers begged to be "busted" to the rank of privates in order to hook on. What with talk of Bolsheviks, two corps of German and Austrian prisoners running loose, and establishment of a new eastern front, the outlook was vivid.

The American forces in Siberia have from the beginning numbered

By WARREN P. STANIFORD

roundly 8,000 infantry and auxiliary troops. Part of them were hurried over from the Philippines in the form of the peace strength Twenty-seventh and Thirty-first regiments. The remainder were draft replacements from the United States, sent to build up those organizations. These forces reached Vladivostok in several contingents during August and September, 1918.

Animated and expectant, the cargo of soldiers on board the transport *Sheridan* jammed all deck rails when she nosed into the Golden Horn bay of Vladivostok. The city lay scattered over low hills in a kind of amphitheatre which was scalloped out of the coast range. Spread before us in the haze of early evening was a metropolis of stone and brick buildings which from that distance looked spick, span and not very "foreign."

THERE was disappointment in that moment of our first how-d'ya-do to the Far East. Perhaps we had a secret hope that the shore line would be decorated with timber wolves, rampant, on a field of aurora borealis. Instead, it looked like

the familiar coast of California, but that impression didn't pan out. Anyone who thought he saw marked resemblance to the Ferry Building or Nob Hill of San Francisco as we jimmied up the channel, found plenty of reason to revise his notes ere long.

Along the waterfront were the remains of decent docks, on and alongside of which were dismantled hulks of Russian destroyers, commercial vessels, heaps of spoiling goods. Small mountains of crated automobiles from America, which had been ordered by the Russian government prior to its collapse in 1917, lay broadside to the sun under tattered and useless tarpaulins. Valuable chemicals and other war supplies were in a similar process of ruin, and all testified that we had struck topsyturvy land, where there was no longer a visible motive for anybody to do anything.

Spirits took a new rise. Already it began to look as though the "something different" show would be staged as advertised, and yearnings for France were again banished.

Swinging in the stream were trim war craft of the United States, Great Britain, France and other allies. They had been on the job several months, and had sent pioneer landing

parties of Marines ashore. Here and there as we moved down the bay, an American sentry at some warehouse or supply dump would shift his rifle to the other shoulder and look us over curiously, as though we brought a breath of Market Street.

A launch from the *Brooklyn* ran alongside, and her blue jacketed occupants handed us sophisticated pleasantries about the countryside and gory happenings at the "front," and asked with fiendish joy how the men felt after a month of Uncle Sam's transport chow.

CONVALESCENT Czecho-Slovak soldiers in bandages, American nurses in their nobby blue and red capes, chummy cliques of our own and allied troops, were on the quay for a twilight stroll to welcome us. They had that part-of-the-scenery manner which gossiping groups on

shore always present to new arrivals on the daily sight-seeing steamer. Thus far we felt very much like fresh fish out of water.

Then suddenly the regimental band of the Thirty-first Infantry blared "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." Emotions of strangeness gave way to the conviction that some grand enterprise had been planned, and that its execution awaited only our coming. Scattered lights had begun to glimmer and throw shadows. So this was Vladivostok!

That first night we slept on board. Those who could manage it fared forth afoot or in *droshkies* to take a look at night-time in the city, and to "wise up" in general. On the Svetlanskaya, the principal thoroughfare, were electric cars which bobbed along with a rocking-chair motion. Here, too, each of the allied expeditions had its headquarters, guarded

at the entrance by sentinels who on occasion (excepting the Japanese) presented arms with a crack which proclaimed to all beholders "that's how they do it in our army."

Staff cars tooted briskly in the streets, and flashed the sheen of multi-colored uniforms. Soldiers and sailors of many nations rubbed shoulders on the sidewalks, all or nearly all, precisely mindful of the teaching that they individually represented the dignity of nations.

Away from the Svetlanskaya, this boulevard of the armies, one quickly found himself soused in a mess of Oriental races which made of the by-streets a smelly, greasy jumble. Dirt, variegated colors, and queer people abounded. Hotel and business buildings which looked "familiar" save for extravagant gingerbread ornaments of iron and wood, seemed abandoned to human rats. There were broken windows, smashed pavements and abounding refuse. Political chaos had put a once flourishing city on the toboggan skids.

Many well-to-do refugees who fled from Bolshevik violence in Russia and western Siberia, found a haven in Vladivostok after the allied occupation. The residences of some of them on hilltops overlooking the city and harbor were remindful of mansion houses of early San Francisco. For the benefit of this plutocratic upper crust, Vladivostok supported a line of cabarets whose tinsel glory was in striking contrast with the threadbare poverty which abounded all around.

WE newcomers made the rounds of the city that first night by means of American cars driven by Russians for eighty rubles (worth \$8 at that time) per hour, and small *droshkies*. Plenty of yarns were told us by our "veteran" comrades, who had preceded us by from two weeks to a month. Judged by their accounts, life in Siberia was a precarious gamble.

The military situation, when the Americans landed, was as follows:

Some thousands of Czecho-Slovaks early in the summer had come peering over the hills back of Vladivostok after a long, bloody trip across two continents on their way to France. A Bolshevik celebration was in full tilt in the streets. The Czechs rushed the city almost unarmed, dispersed the Reds, took what military equipment they needed, and commenced a thorough job of policing.

This object was effectively accomplished and continued by them for many months. Provost supervision was taken over by our forces in the winter of 1918. The name "Czech" was one to conjure with if ever you got into trouble in a dark alley. Cantankerous Bolsheviks and German agents knew the extreme simplicity and speed with which Czech tribunals meted out punishment.

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A "traveling circus" ready to entertain the Bolsheviks.

Hard-boiled Treatment for Cripples

The Federal Board for Vocational Education Puts Into Practice Its Heartless Dictum Against Helpless Heroes

By MARQUIS JAMES

THERE is nothing new or surprising in the instructions to "be hard-boiled" which the Federal Board for Vocational Education has issued to its agents to guide them in their dealings with wounded and maimed veterans whose hopes for future happiness unfortunately have been entrusted to the Board's care, when one peruses a letter to THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY from Mrs. Janette Logan Jacobs of the Red Cross.

The hard-boiled order, which was quoted in the preceding issue of the WEEKLY, far from being a sudden inspiration and an exception to the rule, appears merely as a confirmation of a practice long in effect. Wounded men have been treated virtually as impostors, branded as a "poor spirited lot," who come "asking for charity."

The letter published herewith sets forth conditions as they existed last Fall, which renders its evidence of peculiar significance. In August and September the WEEKLY investigated the Board and found the nation's "debt of honor paid with a worthless check." Now comes the New York *Evening Post* with a disclosure of the situation as it stands at present. The history is complete, each new episode corroborating the one preceding. The Board was negligent and incompetent last Summer; it was negligent and incompetent last Fall; it is negligent and incompetent now. The worthless check has not been redeemed.

For months, Mrs. Jacobs, whose home is in New York City, has devoted nearly all of her time to the alleviation of distress among our neglected disabled—without pay and without reward except the reward of satisfaction which comes from the gratitude of the wounded men she has aided. Her letter:

"MY work in connection with the Vocational Board for Education has continued for several months and began purely as a side issue arising out of the regular Red Cross canteen service. The first case came through an accidental meeting on top of a bus with a wounded soldier who was apparently so downhearted and in trouble that I immediately inquired the cause. I found that he had applied for vocational training and that several weeks had elapsed in which he had received no answers of any kind, and no financial assistance of any kind, and was entirely out of funds.

"From that time on I handled many so-called hard cases and ar-

ranged their affairs with the Board in personally conducted visits. That is, I went on each occasion with the boy once or repeatedly until he finally obtained what he was clearly entitled to. This varied experience has shown clearly what the faults in the Board are, and naturally suggests the remedy. The faults are of two kinds. First, the inadequacy of the law itself providing for vocational training. Second, the administration of the law as evidenced by the New York City Board.

"The most glaring fault is the attitude of more than half of the examiners and advisors toward the boys themselves. They are plainly repelled and made to feel that they

ACTION

The National Executive Committee of The American Legion will take up the case of our neglected and mistreated disabled at the session which opens Monday, March 22, in Washington. Plans for the redemption of the Federal Board for Vocational Education will be presented, and when a course of action is agreed upon the Legion will press its demands upon the government with all possible vigor.

are practically charity patients and that anything that is done for them is in the nature of condescension. They are made to wait for hours and hours, and often for several days in succession, sitting in chairs before they even receive a first hearing. After their cases are taken up they are frequently obliged to wait days or weeks before any action is taken so far as resulting good to them personally is concerned. The following examples in quotation marks are substantially correct. They are, as nearly as memory will serve, in the exact words used in my hearing by various examiners and advisors:

"I said, 'But you don't understand the psychology of the soldier.' Answer, 'No, thank God, and I hope we never shall.'

"Think of what the rehabilitation of the soldier would have been under Army control—militarism, fatal to the country."

"Why should we do more for the returned soldier than the man on the street? you don't support him. Why should you do more for a man who has lost a leg in battle than for one who lost a leg in a factory."

"They (Board employees) are nearly all ardent pacifists and wish no good to come to a man who has fought.

"THEY keep the men waiting days, weeks, months. Hours and hours are spent by the applicants for vocational training in a little walled-off outer space. There is no welcome and but scant courtesy. If, on seeing the advisor, they complain of the wait or the treatment, their cases are often marked simply 'Unworthy,' and the man is dropped for that reason. Their spirits are often nearly crushed by the long, long wait, and then they are blamed for this. One advisor said to me, 'I've come to realize that no real red-blooded man, no man with any pep or fight in him, no matter how badly wounded, would ever come in here asking for charity. You ought to see them, they are a poor spirited lot any way. I've got no sympathy for them.'

"An advisor admitted that they had made mistakes, but he said, 'We are probably too late now to help many of the wounded soldiers, but that makes very little difference anyway, seeing what we have learned here of vocational needs will be of great benefit to the coming generation.'

"An advisor said, 'It is the crime of the century the way some men try to get an education out of the Government. Sometimes a man who has only lost a thumb or a couple of fingers or a hand will try to get the Government to educate him through the Board.'

"The medical situation is very bad. If a man asks for medical care, he is sent to the War Risk. They send him from doctor to clinic, and from clinic to hospital. He is often too poor to buy himself food that in any way nourishes him. He then becomes too sick to receive vocational training and, therefore, is no responsibility of the Federal Board. They cross his name off the active list, and as far as the Board goes, his case is finished. If you ask them about such a case the answer is likely to be, 'we are not here to do a charity business.'

"Often an advisor will explain to the wounded man the terrible expense the country is put to to rehabilitating soldiers and thereby discourage the true blue American. One time I met a big soldier on crutches with one leg, leaving the Board. I asked him if he had got what he wanted. 'No, ma'am,' he said, 'I

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The Army Nurse Explains

Hard to Come Back to Civilian Im-patients
After Serving Men Who Took a Wound
as Part of the Day's Work

By CAROL BIRD

EIGHTEEN months ago she was a nurse in an army evacuation hospital just behind the front. The big push was on and all day and all night the ambulances and trucks unceasingly brought their loads of wounded. She had not been off duty for twenty-six hours and she had not had her clothes off for a week.

She passed among rows of the shattered who waited their turns to go into the operating room and she examined them to make sure the more seriously hurt were given first attention.

The orderlies came to get the next man to go under the ether, and she beckoned them to the stretcher of a boy who had taken three machine gun bullets through the shoulder. There was a slim chance for him if the doctors worked fast.

He waved the orderlies away.

"Look after my buddy over there in the corner, please, nurse. He is in worse shape than I am and he has a wife to live for."

But this same nurse is working at her profession now in a well-appointed private home, over here. Her sole patient is a man of about forty, sleek, prosperous, unworried, who is recovering from a minor operation. She comes to his bedside and he, too, speaks his mind:

"Great heavens, nurse, can't you give me some relief? I've suffered from this damn thing all I intend to! Give me another alcohol rub or I will scream."

Very well. The nurse is being paid eight dollars a day to give alcohol rubs. She is living, during her employment, in comfortable quarters. She only has been on duty six hours and her surroundings are the best. She should make allowances for the querulousness of sick persons. Nurses are accustomed to seeing human beings at their worst under adverse conditions. She should grin and bear it.

Not so fast. That once was the case. But now those memories of the past have spoiled it all. Before the war, nurses took their daily stint of abuse and whines as the telephone girl takes "bawlings out" and bursts of ill temper. She took the complaints of the sick and the irritability of the convalescent as incidents of her daily toil. Now these things grate on her. No longer can she be satisfied with ingratitude and ill na-

ture. The dough-boy patient has spoiled civilian life for her.

Nurses who served with the army and navy overseas and in this country are finding it increasingly hard to take the slings and arrows of outrageous patients when they recollect the good nature and gratitude of their former soldier and sailor charges. Many nurses are leaving their private practice to go into convalescent hospitals, to do welfare work in factories or to find their way back into the army again. Anything but private nursing for them.

A COMELY, dark-eyed nurse who was attached to Base 114 in France during the war told how the soldiers had made her discontented; discontented, indeed, because of his absence.

"How can you expect us to be contented and happy now?" she asked. "A great many of the patients look on us as mere paid machines who are at their continued beck and call. The boys back there in France realized we were human and that we appreciated their gratitude.

"I tell you a nurse is in much the same position as an actress in that she needs appreciation as much as she needs her salary. No actress would be satisfied playing to a cold, unappreciative audience even though her salary had just been raised. Let me say that the nurse enjoys praise and consideration and gratitude just as much.

"Of course we were satisfied before the war because we never had known anything better. We thought petty complaints and whimpering were all a part of the day's work.

"But now when I see a cranky woman push back a cup of chocolate because she says it is 'too strong' or 'too weak' I grit my teeth and force back the angry retort that comes to my lips when I gaze back into the past.

"I see that ward of wounded men who were under my care, suffering in



"Give me another alcohol rub or I'll scream"

silence and performing little acts of kindness for each other.

"I remember Curly, a towsled-haired boy from Georgia, whose leg had been torn away. I never once heard a complaint from him, even when he first came out from the ether, and his leg must have been hurting him dreadfully. Curly was no Pollyanna and he had no thought of spreading the cheer-o spirit but he would have disdained to let anyone see him grouch or fret over his ill-luck and his suffering.

"No wonder occasional rich patients of mine suspiciously inquire if I am sure I am giving them the right medicine; because I am day-dreaming so frequently of those other patients who were sure everything we did for them was right. Can't I just see one of the surgical wards, full of the strange appliances of modern surgery—Balkan frames, sandbags, pulleys, weights and ropes? The men used to make fun of them and declare they felt as if they were living in the interior of a submarine. Don't I remember the boys with face wounds, who were forced to wear clamps and springs and metal braces that were screwed tighter as the days rolled on?

"CAN you blame me if I now allow my querulous patient to call me three or four times before I respond? Probably all she wants, anyway, is to have me push a table back a few inches or pick up a book she has dropped. She may know I have done little else than walk constantly back and forth about her sick room, or downstairs to give orders to servants or upstairs to deliver messages to other members of the family. She shows no consideration for

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me. She is determined to get her money's worth for what she is paying me.

"Of course a nurse expects to make allowances for the sick. We know a man or a woman is not acting normally when they are impatient and irritable. But we also know that too many persons make their sickness a cloak for their ill manners. We know that some men and women are naturally ill-natured and expect to exercise their talents in this line to the utmost when they are indisposed.

"Soldiers knew we were being paid for helping them but they felt we were entitled to consideration and sympathy. They tried to make our work lighter for us and our emotional stress easier to bear. I can't explain their kindness and patience except that they were soldiers and prided themselves on being stoical and brave.

"Then, too, the soldiers were never theatrical nor did they show too much emotion. Back here in civilian life we have these things to contend with. I have just come from a case of that type.

"This man was the head of a family; not seriously sick but full of anxiety to impress everyone who entered his room with the idea that death was hovering close. He actually tried particularly hard to impress his wife with the seriousness of his illness and it was not long before I had her on my hands for extreme nervousness and hysteria.

"The wife and a platoon of her husband's relatives got into the habit of holding lamentation meetings at which everyone demoaned that the sick man was about to die. Their weeping and wailing—everything but the gnashing of teeth—almost drove me wild.

"I contrasted this kind of scene with genuine death scenes in France, when some soldier would simply close his eyes, press the hand of a nurse or doctor or maybe a buddy who was near him and murmur a message for some loved one back home. I remember the big wards when the epidemics struck or after a drive when the nurses were putting the screens around beds and the funeral processions moved throughout the day and far into the night, with muffled drums, to the cemeteries and the wail of taps and the echo of the last volleys broke the stillness again and again. Only we nurses can know how we fought to keep our eyes dry when some big, handsome boy died there, away from his people. They made death noble."

"The doughboys spoiled nursing for me," she said. "I never can be happy now in private practice. Last week I nursed a woman who was a fanatic about her diet. One day she sent back a cup of cocoa three times because it didn't taste exactly right.

"**O**F course I didn't do so but I was sorely tempted to tell her about a boy in my ward in France who was severely wounded. I brought him a dish of 'gold-fish,' despised article of diet that it was. He patted my hand and whispered: "How my mother would love you for being so kind to me."

"I have passed through the ward and have seen a wounded soldier toss feverishly. I would ask him:

"What's the matter, boy? Are you in much pain?"

"Oh, I'm just moving my head a

little because it makes it feel better. Don't mind me."

"I remember a young corporal who had been hit in the leg. A glass drainage tube had been inserted. I wanted to bring him a glass of milk to bring his mind away from his suffering but he wouldn't let me.

"I know what you want to do," he smiled. "You want to help me forget my troubles. I don't intend to put you to any bother, however. Singing will do just as well. It will make the others forget their troubles, too."

"As I went away he lifted his voice, a little tremulous with pain, in one of those old war ditties."

So it is, you who are gouty and ill, and cranky and irritable, that the American soldier broke your soft snap at the same time he was breaking the Hindenburg line. Never again can the nurse pet your hand



"How my mother would love you for being so kind to me!"

and consider you a long-suffering hero, when you are down with a slight attack of flu or convalescing from an operation for appendicitis. She has learned to tell the dross from the real.

A NURSE who served with a base hospital far back of the lines, in Angers, added another chapter to the story of discontent.

MARCH 19, 1920

THE EDITORIAL P. C.

POLICIES—NOT POLITICS

Compulsory Training Versus Compulsory Service

THE committee authorized by The American Legion to represent it has conferred with the Senate Military Affairs Committee on the army reorganization bill and shortly will attend hearings before the House Committee.

The bill, as it stands now, conforms with the recommendations of the Legion representatives, and merits the approval and support of every former service man. It represents the fruit of careful consideration and thorough devotion to our country's interests.

It is the answer to that recurrent question of the civilian to the service man: "What do you think about universal military service?" The answer, as embodied in the bill, is: "Universal service, no; universal training, to fit for service when our country is in need, yes."

Briefly, the bill provides a regular army, to do garrison duty and train the civilian army; a federalized national guard, of high requirements; a citizen army of reservists, to be called for military duty only when Congress declares the existence of an emergency. Boys who have received a brief training, along occupational as well as military lines, will graduate into this reserve. Their term of enrollment will be five years. They will be required to attend only two of the annual maneuvers during this period.

How much different this is than the misconception of universal training as a Prussian system to foster army caste and preserve an aggressive national spirit! What could be truer democracy than this plan, whereby the rich, the poor, the farmer, the mechanic, the descendant of the Puritans and the immigrant boy pay the same toll for their country's welfare?

Other provisions of the bill are that veterans of the war may enlist in this reserve if they desire; that young men can enter the National Guard instead of the reserve, if they elect to do so; that reserve officers shall share in the handling of questions affecting reservists; that incompetent officers, regular and reserve, shall be eliminated.

Veterans who have opposed universal military training must have labored under a misapprehension regarding its duties and effects. They are like the man, who, having paid heavy taxes in the past, is unwilling that other persons should pay *any* taxes in the future. What of the wars to come? There may be other wars, you know.

Kenneth MacNichol, former member of the A. E. F., writes:

"Without universal military training, it is the 4,000,000 of us who were trained in the World War who will do any fighting there is to do, at any time within the liability limits of our age."

There can be no doubt that this is true. A sudden national emergency will find the country unprepared—all except the 4,000,000. Shall they again rush forward to serve or shall the coming generations, too, have a stake in their country's security?

The army reorganization bill, which provides that every male shall be made ready to serve, rests on the sound and patriotic principles enunciated at the Minneapolis convention. It merits the support of every member of The American Legion.

The Lesson in the Bergdoll Case

There is a lesson in the case of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, of Philadelphia, now on trial by a general court-martial for desertion.

Bergdoll is the man, you remember, who defied the army to "get" him. He was rich and dashing and athletic. He was an expert airman. He had no dependants and he would have looked well in olive drab.

But Bergdoll had a horror of military service, mixed with an antipathy against fighting against his grandfather's fatherland. He spent the greater part of two years successfully dodging the army, flitting from city to city and living under assumed names and disguises.

While other men joined the colors and worked or fought for their nation, Bergdoll kept up his game of hide and seek. Bergdoll counted on American forgetfulness; he must have believed public sentiment against slackers and the disloyal would fade quickly once the national emergency had passed. Perhaps his hope was not ill-founded. His calculations went awry when he failed to take into account those Americans who are pledged to making sure that disloyalty is not forgotten.

The lesson for the slacker and the draft-dodger and the enemy alien is a plain one. The mills of justice may grind slowly but the loyal Americans will see to it that they do grind.

The Same Man

The fellow who used to say, "Kill a Hun for me, boys," is apt to be the same man who is hollering his head off about ex-service men "holding up" the country for a "bonus."

The Return from Siberia

A couple of million of us have tasted the joys and sorrows of France and the rest of us have been forced to listen to stories of that land until we feel we could find our way around Paris on foot.

A good many thousand of us played along the Rhine and have the knack of chucking German phrases into our conversation with the ease with which the overseas majority dabble with *combien* and "toot sweet."

But not many of us can carelessly say, "When I was in Siberia"; babble of *droshkies* and spin yarns of the long days along the Amur river.

American forces in Siberia numbered roughly about 8,000 infantry and auxiliary troops. They rushed in on the heels of the Czecho-Slovaks when the Bolsheviks were still allies of the Germans and stuck it out in the frozen places when the armistice was signed and the chance of glory was gone.

Now they are back. The story of life in the S. E. F. by Mr. Staniford is a vivid recital of a chapter of American history that is as strange as it is interesting. It contributes a touch which assures that "World War" was a fact as well as a phrase.

Mental Dud Defined

Our idea of a mental dud is the man who insists on butting in and bragging about his war record when you are trying to brag about yours.



Old Hickory Post holds a grand mask ball

"And We'll All Re-Enlist!"

You May Feel You Never Will, but Fighters have
been Rushing Back for Seconds Since
Days of Caesar

By FREDERIC LAZIER WALTERS

WHEN the Romans finished off Hannibal and his African E. F., the legionaires no doubt raised their right hands and swore: "Never again!"

"Buddy," you can fancy Pvt. 2d Cl. Caius Patullus remarking to his bunkie of the javelin squad, Marcus Bazunkus, "No more solderin' for me. Not if old General J. Caesar himself was to ask me to be a colonel on his staff. Believe me, boy, I'm through."

And thus have soldiers spoken ever since that day. They think they mean it; but do they?

In a hospital ward in France shortly after the Armistice, a group of Canadians were setting forth in detail just how many armed men and how many wild horses it would require to drag them back into the army once they ever got out. Finally one who had been silent laughed scornfully.

"My brother," said he, "served through the entire Boer war. He knew what it was to live in dugouts, to sleep in wet clothes and to march miles without end, not to mention suffering from some of the seventeen different kinds of fever that always

get white men in Africa. He went through the siege of Ladysmith on a pound of horseflesh and one hardtack biscuit every twenty-four hours. When he was discharged he swore nothing could ever get him into it again. But the day England declared war he stood in line four hours in Toronto to enlist."

This testimony made no impression on the listener. Others might be foolish but they knew when they had enough.

The fact remains that, notwithstanding their good intentions, men who have gone to war inevitably come back for more. Look at the Spanish war vets who lied about their age to get back in. The South African ribbons were seen everywhere in the British and Canadian armies. Only the age limit kept back veterans of the American Civil war. And today American recruiting officers tell us more than half of their applicants are ex-service men.

IT would seem, then, that not even the songs of the Lorelei were more alluring in leading men to their possible destruction than the siren notes of the bugle.

The reason for all this, being complex and psychological, is difficult to analyze. The average soldier who re-enlists would be at a loss to explain his motive. He would probably say: "I dunno; I just got tired hanging



Just out of the mill and through with the army for good

around." He is the victim at once of the wanderlust and the love of adventure, the germ of which is latent in nearly everyone, needing only a few months' war experience to bring it to the surface.

It has been said that a change is better than a rest, and if the army in war time allows little opportunity for rest, at least it offers plenty of change. The air forever is electrically charged with rumors. Variety is the spice of life, and nowhere is one's fate more uncertain from day to day than in the army.

But deeper than these superficial motives of love of excitement and adventure is something else—nothing less than the love of pleasure itself. Pleasure to be found in war! One says it almost with a shudder, thinking of the million indignant denials that will be thundered against him. But in ten years' time those denials will soften and eventually die away, for it is the fortunate nature of man to forget his ills and dwell in memory on the good times life has given him.

As all pleasure is relative, so the soldier's pleasure is little but sheer contrast with discomfort.

Three weeks in the trenches, up to the knees in mud, a drizzling rain falling nearly every day, corned beef and bread to eat and water to drink, sleeping a few hours at a time in a damp and sodden dugout, standing guard through the long hours of the night, desolation before you and behind you, lice, bursting of shells, and then—the relief, the long march back to a village behind the lines, safety, a bright, sunny morning, your equipment thrown off your aching shoulders, a pile of straw and a cigarette, the first taste of steaming coffee and hot stew—what dinner and

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY



Ye Ancient Roman, who has just signed up for another hitch had sworn by Juno that they never would get him again

theater party ever equalled that! And that first day of rest, with the week ahead that looks so long but proves so short, a bath and clean clothes, pay, eggs to buy from the villagers, canteens to visit, and at night red wine to drink in the estaminets—what pleasure had one known before or shall know hereafter greater than this?

A CANADIAN once told me his most disagreeable memory of the war, which, however, was by no means his most disagreeable experience. His battalion had been in the line nearly three weeks. It was a particularly disagreeable trip, with more than the usual amount of rain and shells. At last came the long awaited report that the relief was due that night. They waited hour after hour and finally the relieving troops arrived. His platoon and another which was relieved at the same time were obliged to find their way out without guides, the company runners being engaged elsewhere. It was in a Somme sector and the trench system was a veritable maze, so it was not long before the party was hopelessly lost.

Weary and discouraged, they wandered about for hours, but the Canadian kept up his spirits with a single thought—the prospect of a good tot of rum and a hot breakfast when they reached the horse lines.

The expected attack did not materialize, however, and the party reached the transport lines safely about 6 o'clock. It was a bright, warm morning, and the men flung themselves down in the field to rest until the cooks had breakfast ready. Then the soldier who had spent five

hours dwelling pleasantly on the thought of his rum and breakfast dropped off to sleep. He awoke just in time to snatch the last meagre bit of stew and tea from the mouths of a long line of voracious "seconds." But the rum was gone.

EVEN a march is not without pleasure after an army's transport system is well organized and marching is conducted as it was in the Canadian army. There, when things were going well and no forced marching required, it was the practice to carry the men's packs in motor trucks. With two bands blaring away, a kind colonel to call frequent halts, a sunny day, and women and children waving hands from those villages that seemed never too war weary to greet a passing battalion, there were worse things than marching through France.

Only a few, of course, can know the wild outbursts of popular enthusiasm that attend the departure of the first troops to leave for the war theater, or the arrival of the first to return. But nearly all overseas fighting units had a share in those great days that marked the close of the war.

After four years of intensive trench warfare, wherein thousands of lives were sacrificed for a few yards of ground, only to be lost, perhaps, the next day, there came at last the long promised open war of movement. Troops who had been accustomed to holding the line for two or three weeks at a time, back for a week's rest, then up again to the same place, suddenly found their lines advancing nearly every day. They crossed the broad belt of deso-

lation and came upon what, in comparison, was a land of plenty.

ADVANCING still farther, they reached the inhabited towns where the people, under the German yoke for four years, hailed them as liberators, and did all in the power of their humble means to express their gratitude. Flags, resurrected from secret hiding places, bedecked the streets; women and children leaned from every window; coffee was served in every house, and even a share in the rationed bread was pressed upon the embarrassed troops. If a battalion entered by night, the head of the column scarcely could reach the outskirts of the town before the welcoming cheers of the people were caught by the stragglers in the rear. Candles were lighted and held aloft, winking defiance to German airmen, old women danced for joy in their wooden shoes, shouts and laughter arose on every side. There was no problem in finding quarters, for the moment the battalion halted it was surrounded by eager men and women imploring the troops to billet with them. Then wine was brought forth, news exchanged and stories told until bedtime, when many a French and Belgian peasant slept on the floor in order that the soldiers might have a bed.

Well, it wasn't so bad after all, you think. It was, though; and it will be just as bad if you try it again. Only, when you hark back it isn't to the blood and misery that your thoughts turn, but to the first days and last days; the days of rest behind the lines, or leave in London and Paris; vin rouge, mademoiselles, a bath, no cooties, real chow and a bed.



There is still such a thing as being S. O. L.

BURSTS and DUDS



"So, your wife chased you in the closet when you got home late the other night?"

"I'll say she did!"

"What did you do?"

"Locked myself in—and she demanded that I come out."

"Did you do it?"

"Not a chance.

I'm the boss at my house."

Veteran: "When I was in the army, lad, soldiering was soldiering."

Private: "Yes, but I was, at Brest, where soldiering was sailing."

The aviator turned to his passenger:

"Fifty per cent. of those people below think we'll never return alive," he said boastfully.

"That's not all," said the passenger. "Fifty per cent. of us up here think so, too."

Pat: "What's the matter with Kelley's eye?"

Mike: "He picked a fight wid a tough mug yesterday."

Pat: "Is he lookin' fer a fight today?"

Mike: "Not out o' that eye."

The officer had caught the private tilting a bottle of cognac.

"Are you drinking on duty?" he demanded.

"Yes sir."

"Corporal of the gua—"

"Don't call him, captain, there's only enough left for the two of us."

"Look, general," shouted a member of his staff excitedly. "I think I see an American airplane."

"You may be right. I understand we have one over here."

Long-haired Crank: "Do you believe in Bolshevism, my friend."

Gentleman with cane: "Absolutely not."

Long-haired Crank: "You capitalist—you—"

Gentleman with cane: "Capitalist nothing. I'm a barber."



THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY will pay for all jokes and other material suitable for Bursts and Duds. Address, Editor, "Bursts and Duds," 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

Sentry: "Halt. Who's there?"
Challenged One: "Bugler of the post."

Sentry: "Stand where you are. There'll be no reveille in the morning."

"Just think of him now as striking the harp with the angels," said the consoling Mrs. Flaherty to Widow Murphy.

"You don't know Pat," was the wailed reply. "I'll bet my Sunday clothes he's striking the angels with the harp."

The colonel's orderly had a fine sense of humor.

"We're going to Russia," he declared. "The regimental supply sergeant just received orders to issue fur coats, fur caps, heavy boots and extra heavy underwear."

"Huh!" said the wise old buck.

"That means we're going to Panama. If we were going to Russia they'd issue us palm beach uniforms, straw hats and b. v. d.'s."

"I just bought a new shirt."

"O. D.?"

"No, C. O. D."

"Your sign says you'll take any article out of the window on request," said the man who slammed the haberdashery door as he entered.

"Yes, what do you want?" inquired the anticipatory proprietor.

"I don't want anything," returned the man. "But I wish you'd take that red necktie out. It's been bothering me for a week."

"Did you reject Alonzo when he proposed?"

"Not exactly. I put him in Class 5—to be called only as a last resort."

A medical corps officer chanced upon a negro acquaintance of civil life one day in France.

"How do you like the army, Mose?" he asked.

"S'all right so far, cap'n," replied the negro,

"but Ah don't know how I'm going to like it when dem Germans shoots at me."

"Don't worry about that," replied the officer. "All you have to do is zig-zag." And he demonstrated.

The next time the two met the negro was in a hospital.

"What's the matter with you, Mose?" asked the officer.

"I ain't sure, cap'n, but Ah think I must have been ziggin' 'bout de time Ah oughta been zaggin'."



AT THE LOCAL POST DANCE

"You look worried."

"I am. I'm not sure whether that girl told me I danced like a xephyr or a heifer!"

"And what if the parachute hadn't opened?" asked the bored listener.

"It wouldn't have stopped me for a minute," thundered the dauntless balloonist hero. "I was determined to come down, and I would have done so anyway."

The ex-buck found the menu card at the fashionable restaurant almost as baffling as some he'd perused in France. Finally he summoned a waiter.

"Where are pork and beans on here?" he asked.

The waiter indicated.

"Well," said the relieved patron, "bring me everything above and below that line."

THE WEEK in the LEGION

Noble Post, Seattle, 60 to 3,000 in five months. Any contestants?

In honor of the first man from Rockville, Conn., to fall, Argonne Post has changed its name to Stanley Dobosz Post No. 14.

The 306th Infantry Post, New York City, is on record for a cash adjustment of pay for all ex-service men and women.

"Smoke while you may," says Richmond Hill Post No. 212, New York, calling attention to the fact that it retail smokes à la cooperative.

The post at Tampa, Fla., has secured daily space in the *Tampa Daily Times*, and it is marking the fifteen-mile Memorial road with A. L. trees at each end.

Miss Saima Ellyson is the chairman of the entertainment committee of Belleau Wood Post No. 3, District of Columbia, which recently put over a ball in the Marine Barracks at Washington that was a pingdinger.

Sixteenth and O streets is a corner in Lincoln that is beginning to hum somewhat. The boys of the post in that section of Nebraska are converting rooms there into a Legion club.

U. S. S. *Tampa* Post No. 5 is using the Mack Sennett bathing beauties on a recruiting campaign. They promise to inject considerable pep into the meeting, says the announcement.

Thirteenth Post, American Legion No. 513, 13th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y., wants every post in New York to put up a team for its one-mile interpost relay race March 31. Don't let the home team get it all.

American Legion posts of Trenton, N. J., entered in the recent athletic meet at the armory a few members, including the World's Champion middle distance runner, the w. c. indoor high jumper, the w. c. walker, the w. c. indoor sprinter, the—oh, what's the use.

It hurts our AEFthetic sense to see George N. Bourque, of Waterville, Me., Post No. 5, boosting the home town to the tune of: "Think Waterville, talk Waterville, Work for Waterville." Can't you change the name, ole top? Outside of that the Official Bulletin is a pippin.

Snipers, front and center! Robley D. Evans Post No. 4, District of Columbia, has a rifle team with a chip on its shoulder. For the convenience of those wishing to brush it off, it suggests disinterested umpires at the home towns of challengers. Write S. K. Breese, 511 Third St., S. E., Washington, D. C.

MARCH 19, 1920

The boys in the A. F. in G. are organizing another post at Coblenz.

William R. Witty, Post No. 37, Saint Peter, Minn., is organizing a sixteen-piece band to participate in all post activities in the future.

The Youngstown, O., post has taken over the old Moose Home as a clubhouse. It is conducting a series of American Legion Nights in the local clubs to further the good work.



Harry E. Fish

Sandwich Post, Sandwich, Ill., believes it has one of the youngest comrades in the person of Harry E. Fish, born April 16, 1902. Fish enlisted in the 129th Infantry, July 19, 1917, when fifteen years old, while the recruiting officer was looking the other way. He served with the Thirty-third Division and saw action at the Somme, Amiens, St. Mihiel and Verdun.

Paris Post No. 1, through George H. Robertson, one of its members, and winner of the Vanderbilt cup in 1918, has put a crimp in the Paris taxis. He got the French to allow him to head a strong arm traffic squad at the Place de l'Opera, and anyone can now cross the street.

The posts seem pretty well decided that they want adjusted compensation, judging from the number of resolutions that come in on the subject. Among those present were Newark Post No. 25, N. J.; Rio Blanco Post No. 74, Meeker, Colo.; Wooster Post No. 63, Wooster, O.

The Montana *Legionaire*, the state Legion publication, is running want ads free for ex-service men and employers wanting to fill jobs with ex-service men.

In connection with its first dance, 11-11-11 Post No. 855, Brooklyn, is getting out a souvenir journal. The affair takes place at Danse Caprice, March 27.

Barrie H. Katz, first adjutant of Paris Post No. 1, is pulling out from active service. He remains with the post as a member, however, though he is giving up the more strenuous duties.

One way of raising funds for memorial buildings is that of getting the extra day's pay on Leap year. Just at this moment Captain James MacFarland Post No. 79, of Burlington, N. J., is putting over a drive along these lines.

As a matter of proportions Albert Block Post No. 56, Godrich, N. D., claims attention. The town has 500 inhabitants, and the post thirty-three members. The post has purchased the \$5,000 opera house, and recently cleared \$500 in two entertainments.

You may not have liked Lloyd Ludwig, Post No. 250, when you happened to be AWOL in the old days. He wore a red band round his campaign hat. But you'll wish him well now. Recently he went AWOL from Sycamore Post. This soldier was last seen returning to duty from New York with Mrs. Ludwig. A few minutes before she was Mlle. Pauline Lacandros, of Chalons-sur-Saone, France.

A corking good idea in Americanism has come out of the state of Washington. Hoquiam Post of Hoquiam has sponsored a Junior American League, into which have been admitted 3,000 school children of the town who have signed a pledge to "show proper respect for our flag, consistent application to school work and such conduct in and out of school as befits a Junior American." A button resembling the American Legion button for the boys, and a pin for the girls is given to every member. Hoquiam Post decided on the move when the fight on "Reds" was launched. Prizes were given to the school children for essays on Americanism, and application blanks were furnished all the schools for admission to membership in the League. Patriotic exercises were held when the children were admitted. The plan already has cost the post members \$600, but they believe the results in youthful enthusiasm well worth the expenditure. The post plans to renew the campaign each year to catch the new crop of future Americans.

Learn Tree Surgery

- a real profession
- outdoor work
- opportunity to travel
- earn while learning
- advancement assured
- position guaranteed

Here's an opening that will appeal to vigorous, red-blooded fellows—an opportunity to learn Tree Surgery, a dignified and scientific profession that is not overcrowded, with a position in our own organization *guaranteed*.

The saving of priceless trees—that is the mission of Tree Surgery. The richest country estates of America are our clients. Davey Tree Surgeons enjoy healthful, fascinating outdoor work, an opportunity to travel with carfare paid, good money at the start and a big chance for advancement. All of our higher-salaried men are chosen from our own ranks.

Most of our men are ex-service men—we want more men of the same type. We will train you to become a Tree Surgeon, either at home in your spare time or at our headquarters in Kent—and we will guarantee you a position in our own organization, the largest and most successful of its kind in the world. Unmarried men, 18 to 32 years, preferred.

Write for details of our plan—at once. Learn how you may qualify as an expert Tree Surgeon, with the assurance of a well-paid position even before you have completed your training.

The Davey Tree Expert Co., Inc.,
50 Elm Street, Kent, Ohio.

FIND YOUR BUDDY

Address, Editor, "Find Your Buddy," 627 West 43rd Street, New York City. Photographs returned if request is made in writing ON THE PHOTO together with name and address of person to whom it shall be remitted.

MARINES, 134TH Co. 3D REP. BN.—Last heard of Andrew W. Parkhurst on July 23, 1918. Information wanted by Mrs. W. A. Parkhurst, 16 Thomas St., Newark, N. J.

308TH INFANTRY.—Private Jack W. Richardson, wounded October 29, died November 5. Information wanted by his wife, Mrs. Mae Richardson, 19 Iglehart St., St. Paul, Minn.

COMPANY M, 308TH INFANTRY.—Corp. Merritt H. Hallock missing in action October 15; information wanted as to his fate. Address Lawrence F. Deutzman, Yonkers, N. Y.

COMPANY H, 308TH INFANTRY.—Private Harold Otto Wheeler killed October 8. Anyone knowing details of his death write his mother, Mrs. Ellen King Wheeler, 4310 Wolff St., Denver, Colo.

66TH COMPANY, 5TH MARINES.—Arthur Bovee wounded July 19 and died July 26. Anyone knowing him write his aunt, Alice B. Edler, 2352 Newberry St., Newberry, Pa.

COMPANY G, 306TH INFANTRY.—Henry C. Schoening, reported died of wounds on November 8. Details requested by father, H. Schiening, Route 5, Fergus Falls, Minn.

MISSING IN ACTION: Private Harold Brown, Co. A, 110th Infantry, wounded about October 8, 1918, and started to walk to first-aid station. No other information. Address mother, Mrs. Lota Brown, Loa, Utah.

A. C. WARDLEY was to have been discharged in January, 1919; has not been heard from since then. Anyone having information write his mother, Mrs. A. N. Olsen, Peterson, Morgan Co., Utah.

Co. B, 60TH INFANTRY.—Everet H. Hale killed October 15. His father, S. H. Hale, Spring Valley, Minn., would like to hear from some of the men of Co. B, particularly Lieutenant Smart.

Co. D, 19TH INF. REP BN., CAMP LEE.—Russell M. Kramer, 537 Ritter St., Reading, Pa., would like to hear from any men of this outfit; especially Joseph Whitehead and William Jenners; also Thomas Curren, of Camp Grant.

COMPANY E, 23D INFANTRY.—Private Bernard C. Holloway reported missing July 18, 1918; later reported buried November 26, 1918, date and cause of death to be determined. Anyone having information write G. B. Holloway, 13 W. Weir St., Taunton, Mass.

COMPANY I, 316TH INFANTRY.—Information sought concerning Franklin L. Howard, reported dead in March, 1918, and later reported wounded in action. Returned letters indicate he was returned to U. S. as a casual. Records show soldier of same name discharged at Camp Dix, N. J. Address James A. Stuart, Box 461, Toledo, Ohio.

COMPANY M, 325TH INFANTRY.—Mrs. Margaret O'Grady, 619 Locust St., Fall River, Mass., desires information concerning her son, Private (1st class) John P. O'Grady, No. 1685377, reported wounded in the feet and taken to Evacuation Hospital No. 114 on October 12, and died six days later. The mother confused by reports from comrades who declare they have seen Private O'Grady after date given for his death.

HOSPITAL ATTENDANTS.—Private Charles J. Newcomb, Company C, 103d Infantry, was severely wounded in the jaw at Chateau Thierry on July 20, 1918, and parents so notified. No other word for a year, when parents were given number of their son's grave. Alfred J. Newcomb, 87 Belvidere St., Boston, brother of the missing man, who served in the same company and regiment, asks if hospital attendants or patients can inform him how and when Newcomb died.

INDIANAPOLIS MEN.—The Second Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis, Ind., wishes to complete its Roll of Honor. The following men are asked to send in their addresses and tell whether they have been discharged: Dr. J. W. Ricketts, Louis H. Bieler, Philip L. Williams, Jesse G. Johnson, Martin Rockwell, Alexander D. Dickey, Russell Figart, George Brown, S. M. Schafer, Charles M. Osborne, Russell J. Ryan, N. A. Morris, Dr. H. Woodbury, John Cart, Dudley H. McMillan. Address Mrs. Martha W. Kendall, 832 North New Jersey St., Indianapolis.

DISCHARGE PAPERS of Edward O. Sanders, No. 1516237, lost between Cleveland and Paynesville, Ohio. Address E. O. Sanders, Q. M. C., Columbus Barracks, Ohio.

COMPANY L, 22D ENGINEERS.—Chauncey Crews, private, 1st class, Company L, 22d Engineers, reported killed in action. Brother would like to know circumstances. Address Richard Crews, 108 West Center St., Provo, Utah.

MOBILE VETERINARY SECTION, THIRD DIVISION.—Former First Lieutenant Albert J. Welch would like to hear from men of his old command. Address 42 Faneuil St., Brighton Dist., Boston.

CAPT. HARRY W. JACKSON, commanding Co. E, 417 Telegraph Bn., Coblenz, address sought by J. E. Dougherty, 23 Grand Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.

COMPANY I, 309TH INFANTRY.—Corporal Harry B. Mount, killed in action September 26, 1918. Anyone knowing where he fell or where he was buried write R. E. Lane, 202 Strand Bldg., Providence, R. I.

COMPANY K, 236TH INFANTRY.—Arlie F. Claxton, joined organization with replacements, and reported killed in action October 14, 1918. Father desires to hear from comrades. Address Dr. E. B. Claxton, Dublin, Ga.

Co. G, 308TH INFANTRY.—Lieut. Kennedy S. Wanner reported killed in action in Argonne, October 5, 1918. Mother would like to hear from anyone who knows details of his death. Lieut. Hollis D. Allen write Mrs. Fred M. Wanner, Jamestown, N. D.

COMPANY M, 18TH INFANTRY.—Russell E. Carter, wounded at Soissons and died in A. R. C. Military Hospital No. 1, August 3, 1918. Mother desires to hear from Lieutenant James W. Young or anyone who saw her son wounded. Address Mrs. G. H. Carter, Hillsboro, Ore.

COMPANY M, 9TH INFANTRY.—Family of Sergeant John Dill, killed in the last campaign west of the Meuse on November 4, 1918, would like to hear from Sergeant Kelly of same company, who was wounded the same day, or any others who knew Sergeant Dill. Write John Dill, Brocton, N. Y.

FOR WEARERS OF GOLD STARS.—Information wanted concerning addresses of relatives of Abraham Koser, home given as Brooklyn, and Walter Rasmussen, home given as Cleveland, Ohio, both of Co. B, 102d Machine Gun Battalion. Major C. C. Stanchfield, 30 Winthrop St., Chelsea, Mass., desires to forward pictures of their graves.

MISSING IN ACTION: Private Arthur Hill, 361st Infantry, wounded in October in Argonne and seen walking off the field. A buddy saw him in a hospital in France. Since then nothing has been heard of him. Family fears he is a mind case in some hospital, and has heard rumors that he is under treatment in United States. Address, cousin, W. R. Cawthra, 10 Clay St., Worcester, Mass.

PRISONERS OF WAR: Mrs. M. Driscoll, 464 Fifty-fourth St., Brooklyn, requests: "Will 'Find Your Buddy' readers help a mother get information of her missing son? He is Private Howard M. Driscoll, Company G, 106th Infantry. During the smashing of the Hindenburg line he was taken prisoner. Two prisoners' cards in his own handwriting have been received. The last was dated October 3, 1918."

MISSING IN FRANCE: Reed Buchanan Withington, Serial No. 640589, enlisted Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., July, 1917; sailed with Casual Company No. 11, Medical Detachment, Ambulance Corps, 90th Division, on July 4, 1918. Wife heard from him last in January, 1919, from Paris. War Department advises it has no record of this man. Who knew him? Address Charles W. Wedge, Executive Secretary, War Camp Community Service, 925 Texas Ave., Houston, Tex.

COMPANY B, 109TH INFANTRY.—Private Charles James Hunt, wounded, gassed, captured and reported died of wounds. Mother would be grateful for any particulars of the engagement in which her son was wounded and taken. She also wants to know what kind of gas it was and how it affects men. Some buddy write Mrs. John L. Hunt, Route Box 29, Mount Union, Huntingdon Co., Pa.

NOTE: For location of grave write U. S. Army Graves Registration Bureau, Paris.—EDITOR.

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

LIEUT. JAMES F. HUGHES, or anyone knowing his address, please communicate with Elmer S. Thompson, East Glastonbury, Conn.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 9TH INFANTRY.—F. W. Flacke, 150 Clinton Ave., Albany, N. Y., seeks word of Private Dilling, last seen going into action at Soissons, July 17, 1918.

Co. M, 5TH MARINES.—Anyone knowing any details concerning the death of Pvt. Delbert R. Jordan, who was killed November 2, 1918, please write his brother, Claude M. Jordan, Enfield, Ill.

3D CLASS INF. CENT. OFFICERS TR. SCH., Camp Pike, Ark.—Members of this class are requested to get in touch with S. H. Patton, 2276 W 30th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

SGT. MAJ. SAM T. BURNS.—Formerly at Kelley Field, San Antonio, later at Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, write to H. W. Robinson, Merchants Hotel, Moberly, Mo.

KARL MORANDI, Company C, 47th Infantry, reported killed in action August 10, 1918. Will G. Y. Johnson or anyone else who knows of this man write Jack Walters, 81 Prospect Ave., Walston, Mass.

77TH FIELD ARTILLERY.—Mother of Corporal Roy De Camp, who died December 3, 1918, of pneumonia, wants to hear from men who knew him in France. Address Mrs. L. O. De Camp, 201 Locust St., Waterloo, Iowa.

316TH F. A. AND 53D C. A. C.—Carl F. Parsell would like to hear from Edward Cantrell and Cpl. Bill Sherman of the 316th F. A. and from George Kettmier of the 53d C. A. C. Address 1609 Helen St., St. Louis, Mo.

Co. H, 58TH INF.—Anyone knowing anything concerning the wounding of Caleb W. Pearson on October 4, or his death on October 10, please write Earl Pearson, Riverside Post No. 79, American Legion, Riverside, Cal.

Co. G, 139TH INF.—Anyone knowing anything of the death of Roy W. Cushing, killed in action September 30, 1918, in the Argonne, please write his mother, Mrs. G. W. Cushing, Downs, Kans., Box 35.

BATTERY F, 79TH FIELD ARTILLERY.—Men who knew Private James M. Fox and were aware of his illness at Camps Pike, Greenleaf or Merritt, communicate with Home Service Section, Red Cross, Hamilton, Ohio. Additional proof is required to get compensation for his child.

COMPANY L, 9TH INFANTRY.—Private Frank E. Westerman, killed in action November 4, 1918. Sergeant Georgie M. Stivers, who reported finding Westerman's grave near Beaumont, or anyone else who has information, write H. S. Westerman, 1512 Columbus Ave., N. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.

H. Q. Co., 28TH INF.—Mrs. L. E. Gorton would like to hear of the particulars of the death of her brother, Cirenus E. McCary, from Nathaniel Good, Joe Losen or others who were with him when he was killed at Cantigny, May 28, 1918. Address 210 S. Washington Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.

MACHINE GUN COMPANY, 59TH INFANTRY.—Private Raymond M. Schmidt, reported wounded October 3 or 4, 1918, and died October 8 at Fourth Field Hospital, Cussey, France. Mother wants to hear from anyone who saw her boy shortly before he died and knows whether "he said anything on his deathbed." Address Mrs. Mathew Schmidt, 507 Rush St., Dubuque, Iowa.

H. Q. COMPANY, 319TH ENGINEERS.—Private Maurice Katz, taken ill at Camp Hospital No. 3, Brest, between August 13 and 15, 1919. Sister notified of death, but has since received news that leads her to believe brother is not dead. Does anyone know for certain whether he died? Address Bessie Katz, 1228 McAllister St., San Francisco.

146TH INFANTRY, 37TH DIVISION.—Mrs. C. S. Cobb, 911 N. Prospect St., Bowling Green, Ohio, desires to get in touch with Chaplain Frazier, who she believes is an Episcopal minister. Chaplain Frazier officiated at the burial of her son, Sergeant Ray H. Cobb, Co. F, Second Battalion, Intelligence Section, who was killed near Montfaucon September 28, 1918.

Co. L, 107TH INF.—Sgt. Stanley C. Sinclair was reported slightly wounded September 29; went to an unknown hospital; thereafter all records lost. Central Records Office reported he was evacuated from a hospital October 23 and sent to a replacement division, Co. 111. Anyone having any information as to his whereabouts or his fate please write his sister, Miss Belle S. Sinclair, 69 W. 106th St., New York City.

MARCH 19, 1920

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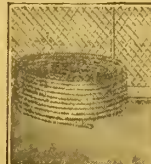
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Co. L, 6TH INF.—Max T. Jans is reported as missing in action since November 1, 1918. Write Henry Spindler, Buffalo, Minn.

Co. A, 325TH INF.—Anyone knowing Floyd W. Ritter, killed in action, communicate with his brother, H. H. Jackson, Box 141, Butte, Mont.

CHESTER YINGLING, formerly in base hospital 30, A. E. F., write W. D. Quinn, Port Byron, N. Y., who also would like to hear from Furman Ryder.

H. J. MANGERS, 704 4th St., Peoria, Ill., wants to hear from Alaria Truesdell and Frank Martinson, last seen at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Co. A, 102D INF.—Men who know the details relating to the death of Pvt. Walter J. Brown, write his father, William P. Brown, 110 E 6th St., Lansdale, Pa.

HARVARD RADIO SCHOOL.—Frank A. Paul, Jr., wants the address of Charles Pentecost, formerly of Co. 31. Address 3535 N 21st St., Tioga, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. Q. Co., 315TH INF.—Will someone write to Joseph Oechsle, 1435 N. 31st St., Philadelphia, Pa., telling him about Norman Mentz, who was killed in action September or October, 1918.

LIEUT. SCHMIDT, formerly of Air Service, if you will write Miss L. Jean Hope, General Hospital, Memphis, Tenn., she will return small package you left with her at Field Hospital No. 27.

Co. I, 325TH INF.—If anyone was with Alfred Klegstad in Base Hosp. 41, please write to Mrs. A. Klegstad, Box, 236, Oslo, Minn. Anyone knowing Miss Emma or Miss Hulda Hamen, 213 South St., St. Klegstad.

Co. H, 58TH INF.—Pvt. Lawrence J. Melton, reported died from wounds on November 15, 1918, received on October 6, 1918. Anyone having information as to the nature of his wounds write to Mrs. J. W. Moore, 704 Stuart Rd., Richmond, Va.

PVT. CONRAD, Co. C, 18TH INF.—The parents or friends of this man, killed in action in the advance on Soissons, July 18, 1918, may learn particulars of his death and burial by writing to the Rev. Murray Bartlett, Pres. Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.

Co. M, 119TH INF.—William Ross Beck was reported having died of wounds received in the abdomen on October 9, 1918; later reported in hospital in England. Anyone who has seen him since October 9 please write his mother, Mrs. W. W. Beck, Gays, Ill.

Co. C, 7TH INF.—Pvt. Charles M. Townsend reported wounded June 22, 1918. Relatives unable to receive any further word other than that he was "presumably dead." Anyone having information as to his fate write his sister, Miss Lula J. Townsend, Mount Upton, N. Y.

Co. M, 310TH INF.—Clarence W. Low was reported wounded on September 22, 1918, and died on the following day at Evacuation Hosp. No. 21 at Toul. If anyone remembers him and the details of his death please write his mother, Mrs. Mary L. Low, Glasco, Ulster Co., N. Y.

Co. I, 307TH INF.—Will anyone who was with Pvt. Patrick E. O'Neill at the time he was wounded please communicate with his brother, J. C. O'Neill, 823 Residence St., Wallace, Idaho. He was wounded on September 27, in the Argonne, and was sent to Mobile Hospital No. 4.

Co. C, 2D M. G. BN.—Nathan Goldstein was killed in action October 9, 1918, near Hill 242 in the Argonne. His family has no picture of him since he was a small child. Anyone knowing the circumstances of his death or who may have a picture of him is requested to write his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Goldstein, 287 E. Congress St., St. Paul, Minn.

Co. M, 59TH INF.—James Thomas wrote his last letter in action on September 17, 1918; later heard from in hospital at Lauenay on May 15, 1919; from this letter it was apparent that he was shell-shocked. Has not been heard from since that time. Anyone having information write his mother, Mrs. Belle Thompson, Burns, Mont.

Co. G, 18TH INF.—John Venditti sailed for France, February 18, 1918. Since receiving a letter dated July 12, 1918, no word has been received from him. War Department reported him killed in action about six months ago, but his buddies declare they have seen him since the armistice. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please write N. Venditti, 507 John St., Syracuse, N. Y.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

AMB. Co. No. 2, later M. D. 16TH INFANTRY.—Roy C. Wise, reported killed in action October 1; information wanted by G. F. Kelley, Waukon, Iowa.

COMPANY H, 309TH INFANTRY.—Sergeant Norbert F. Hens, reported killed October 17; information as to his death desired by Mrs. Mary E. Hens, 71 Hampshire St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BASE HOSPITAL 54, WARD B, 6.—Harry E. Criswell, Ottumwa Fire Dept., Ottumwa, Iowa, would like to hear from Army Nurses Hanson and Cassidy and also from captain in charge of Ward B, 6.

COMPANY L, 102D INFANTRY.—Private Steve W. Tortella, reported killed September 16; later heard from: then reported killed October 26; information wanted by Mrs. J. B. Tortella, Box 303, Ernest, Indiana Co., Pa.

Co. A, 140TH INF.—Pvt. Omery Emery was wounded in the hip and sent to evacuation hospital. Anyone knowing anything concerning him write Post Commander, Anton Bernatz, Post No. 163, American Legion, Decorah, Iowa.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY 109TH INF.—Pvt. Lyle S. Sitler was killed in the Argonne drive, October 9, 1918. Anyone who has information concerning this boy write his father, Delmar Sitler, Randall, Minn.

COMPANY B, 341ST M. G. BATTALION.—Pvt. Carl E. Gordon was killed about October 10, 1918. Anyone who was in his company please communicate with his wife, Mrs. Carl E. Gordon, 2548 Missouri Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

COMPANY L, 305TH INF.—Richard O. Anderson was killed in action in the Argonne Forest October 2, 1918; no particulars received by his parents. Anyone having any information about Private Anderson please address O. E. Anderson, 85½ Walnut Hill Rd., Orange, Mass.

Co. L, 58TH INF.—Pvt. John R. Carter has not been heard from since September 5, 1918. W. D. reports finding his grave May 22, 1919, but no cause of death given. Anyone having information write Mrs. D. S. Griffin, 61 Palmer Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Co. K, 16TH INF.—Pvt. Chris Vunderink was killed in action October 4, 1918. He had a buddy called George. Will this man, or anyone who knew of the death of Vunderink, write Mrs. Hilda Vunderink, his wife, at 4004 Memphis Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Co. C, 16TH INF.—Corp. Jack Murphy fell near Soissons, July 21, 1918, and was reported missing in action. Leigh Kelley, Post Comdr. Victor Ellig Post No. 31, Fort Smith, Ark., would like to hear from Lieut. R. H. Long who was in command of Co. C at the time. Anyone else in the company who knows any details of Murphy's death write Post Comdr. Post No. 31, A. L., 9 N. 7th St., Ft. Smith, Ark.

COMPANY I, 316TH INF.—Parents of Pvt. Franklin E. Howard were notified of his death in March, 1919. A later notice came to the effect that he had been wounded in battle. Also have letters returned with notation that he returned to U. S. as a casual. There is record that a soldier of his name was discharged at Camp Dix. Any information concerning Private Howard will be welcomed by American Legion Post, Traer, Iowa.

MISSING IN FRANCE.—Fred G. Pippert sailed for France September 19, 1918, from Camp Gordon where he was in Co. C, 4th Replacement Reg. In December, 1918, his parents received official notice of his death on October 3, at Brest. One of his friends is reported to have seen him on October 11. The War Risk Insurance Bureau reports that he died at Camp Gordon, September 2, which is known to be incorrect. Red Cross reports he is not in any hospital in the U. S. Any information as to his whereabouts desired by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Pippert, Dysart, Iowa.

The Legion's Budget

The National Treasurer announces the following budget for the ensuing year:

National Officers' Salaries.....	\$11,200
Employees' Salaries.....	60,000
Americanization budget authorized at Convention	10,000
National Legislative Committee.....	20,000
Postal and Parcel Post Inc.....	9,000
Stationery and Printing.....	14,000
Telegrams	2,000
Traveling	10,000
Publicity	10,000
Outside auditing, National Headquarters and Magazine.....	1,000
Office Supplies.....	2,800
Total	\$150,000

MARCH 19, 1920



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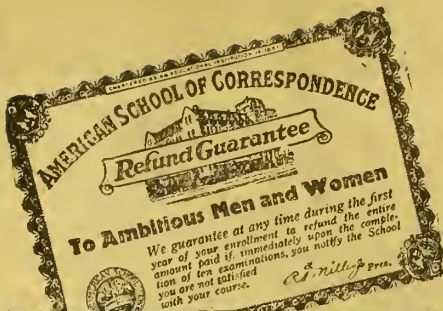
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PAGE 19



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Dixie and the "Bonus"

Sentiment is crystallizing rapidly in the Legion membership throughout the country in favor of the first three items in the beneficial legislation program announced by the National Executive Committee after its February meeting in Indianapolis. These items called upon the Government to discharge its obligations to ex-service men by land settlements in all states, by aid in the purchase and improvement of farm and city homes, by vocational education for all who served.

No such unanimity of opinion seems to obtain regarding the fourth recommendation which added another option in the form of an adjustment of compensation, \$50 for every month of service.

At a conference of department commanders of nine Southern states, held on March 6 in Birmingham, a resolution was adopted endorsing the three recommendations first-named, but calling on Congress to suspend action on the "cash bonus."

National Commander Franklin D'Olier was present informally at the conference, but took no part in the deliberations.

The resolution follows:

WHEREAS, on February 10, 1920, the National Executive Committee of The American Legion made certain recommendations to Congress looking toward beneficial legislation for ex-service men; and

WHEREAS, it is the announced policy of The American Legion to ask only such treatment as is consistent with the welfare of the whole country, and at the same time be just and fair to the ex-service men; and

WHEREAS, conditions subsequently arising to said action of the executive committee make it, in our opinion, advisable to further consider the question of the payment of a cash bonus to ex-service men;

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that it is the sense of this meeting that the National Commander be, and he is hereby memorialized, to call a representative meeting of The American Legion to be held in the City of Washington within two weeks from this date to which shall be invited one representative from each state, which meeting shall finally consider the question of providing for the payment of a cash bonus to ex-service men.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that Congress be, and it is hereby requested to delay any action on legislation providing for the payment of a cash bonus for ex-service men until after such meeting shall have been held and its recommendations announced.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that Congress be requested to expedite the following legislation recommended by the National Beneficial Legislation Commission of The American Legion, namely the option of

1. Land settlement covering all states.
2. Home aid to encourage the purchase of rural or city homes by ex-service men.
3. Vocational education for all ex-service men.

Present at the conference were: the National Commander and State Commanders Matt Murphy, of Alabama; J. J. Harrison, of Arkansas; A. H. Blanding, of Florida; Basil Stockbridge, of Georgia; D. A. Sachs, of Kentucky; A. R. Christovitch, of Louisiana; Alexander Fitzhugh, of Mississippi; C. A. Gosney, of North Carolina; G. A. Gullick, of South Carolina, and H. S. Berry, of Tennessee.



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THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

VLADIVOSTOK AND POINTS WEST

(Continued from page 6)

By the middle of October the American disposition of troops was made. General Graves' headquarters and the bulk of the Thirty-first Infantry were held at the base in Vladivostok. The Twenty-seventh Infantry, occupying the zone of advance, had headquarters at Kharbarovsk, 500 miles inland. Detachments of the Thirty-first Infantry were stationed as railroad guards at various places between. This arrangement was substantially unchanged until the latter part of March, 1919, when part of the Twenty-seventh Infantry was sent inland on the main line toward Omsk.

So we settled to barrack life. All along the railroad from Vladivostok to Kharbarovsk, were several old garrison towns. Our guard detachments were drawn in to these substantial winter posts, so far as was deemed safe. Those who had to rough it through wintry weather at less comfortable stations, were relieved frequently.

SCATTERING villages of log houses, some of them plastered, and with frilled wooden eaves of once brilliant hues, were tucked everywhere among low hills which skirt the railway. They displayed an unbroken monotony of scant cupboards and rude existence. Raiding Bolsheviks and "Chino" bandits had played over the country and made a clean sweep.

Americans are a self-sufficient lot, and quickly let other people know that they feel perfectly at home. "On they do get," with a blundering, genial way that wins friends and admiration. The Canadians in Siberia showed much the same characteristics. Russians respected the English for fair dealing and competence, but didn't find much to warm up to. Deep dislike met the Japanese in all their dealings, because neither they nor the inhabitants have forgotten the Russo-Japanese war.

Our men got close to the affections of the natives, and found favor with the "barishnas," to the chagrin of young Russki soldiers and civilians. Social life was primitive and frugal among the peasants, but such as it was, the "Amerikanski soldaten" were free to share. A favorite kind of Sunday evening frolic at some village school or church was a combination of clodhopper dances and kissing games. Judging from letters which went home, Sadie Smith and Helen Jones must have worried some over accounts they received of "post office as she is played" in Siberia.

BUT I must not infer that there was a rich field for social effort. It was pretty slow going on the whole, despite the fact that the old year got a hearty, lingering send-off in 1918—

MARCH 19, 1920

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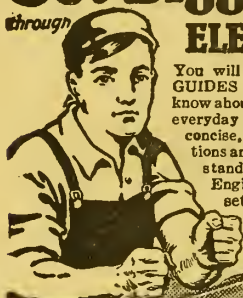
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A. L. 3-19-20.

first on American time, then Japanese, then Russian, and finally Chinese. In the inland villages the social field was soon surveyed. One tired of bandying irrelevant Russian words at the frowzy old woman who came to sell baked chicken with pin feathers attached, or to take laundry from barracks. Time palled on many hands. Vodka attracted some of the men and guided them to the guard-houses.

Before the end of winter our policy of non-interference had all hands in Siberia guessing. At the outset, the American soldiers were welcomed with wide arms by the non-Bolshevist Russians. Those people warmed right up to the Stars and Stripes. Little did most of them know about international idealism, but somehow the name "Amerika" rang in their ears like organ chimes. Whatever the United States wanted in Siberia was o. k. with them.

Finally these whole-hearted friends began to worry. We just stuck and did nothing. They didn't comprehend that on the day of the armistice the Bolsheviks ceased to be an ally of Germany, and became merely a political faction, so far as we were concerned. Anti-American propaganda was circulated. The upshot was that friendly Russians grew suspicious, and Bolshevik observers concluded that we were a soft proposition.

When the thaw started in March, 1919, the Bolsheviks were well prepared to renew depredations. They sent an insolent manifesto to the American commander at Spasskoe, announcing that the town would be swept clean of anti-Red Russians and Japanese on the first fine day, and warning the Americans to stay indoors if they didn't want to get scratched. Threats against the American troops were carried into effect more than once thereafter, as recent news accounts have shown.

The final history of the A. E. F. in Siberia was a great field for speculation until the announcement was made recently that the withdrawal was to commence. Siberia is a seething cauldron which contains equal parts of hunger, Bolshevik crime, brigandage, and hatred of Japanese troops. We tried to stay on the edge of the whirl and do nothing save to hold open a part of the Trans-Siberian road.

LETTER writing was the great indoor sport among the American soldiers, and though it was usually easy enough for the censor to skim through a letter without taking note of the personal message, the mail of certain individuals got the best of his "morale." In the dreary hours of continually pulling out and shoving back twenty pages into envelopes where single pages should have been, it was like being let in on a party to come across a page of cross-mark kisses and the opinion that "Guess this will be an eye-full for the censor, eh, girlie?"

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Money in Siberia was a fickle commodity. Coin there was none. Paper rubles and kopek notes of many vintages circulated. The price of Russki paper in American dollars fluctuated violently. The money changers with whom our soldiers had to deal when they wanted to convert their pay, were mostly Russian Jews and Chinos, who, in addition to native sagacity, had the shrewdness picked up during residence in the United States or the Philippines.

There are many things to tell about the men who carried the flag to Siberia. About heart aches because they wanted to "get into it"; about the type of old non-com who looks his officer in the eye when caught "with the goods," and instead of stalling around says, "Yes, sir, I was drunk"; about the men who paid forty cents a can for ten-cent tobacco on the Y. M. C. A. canteen car one time, and never after would think or speak well of the "Y" no matter how hard or deserving its labors; about a popular army chaplain who always drew crowds to his talks, but couldn't get anyone to come forward when he staged an "old-fashioned revival meeting" one night; about the rebellion of spirit we felt at get-together functions when our only musical outlet was songs designed for the glory of the boys in France; about the lavish contributions made by the men at one post in order that 200 destitute Russki children might have some Christmas fun.

WHEN the transport swung away from the Vladivostok quay with those of us who were relieved last April and were homeward bound, the shore line was massed with soldiers whose o. d. garments and trim figures looked far away and lonely against the gray background of thawing slush.

One of the bands played "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," just as it did for our beating pulses the day we first struck Siberia and the great unknown. As we edged off into the Golden Horn, came the strains of "Aloha." "Hurry right back," someone yelled from the shore with mock bravado. "Tip one over for us." "Say 'hello' to the girls." "Tell 'em at home to stick to the U. S. A., they're sitting on the world."

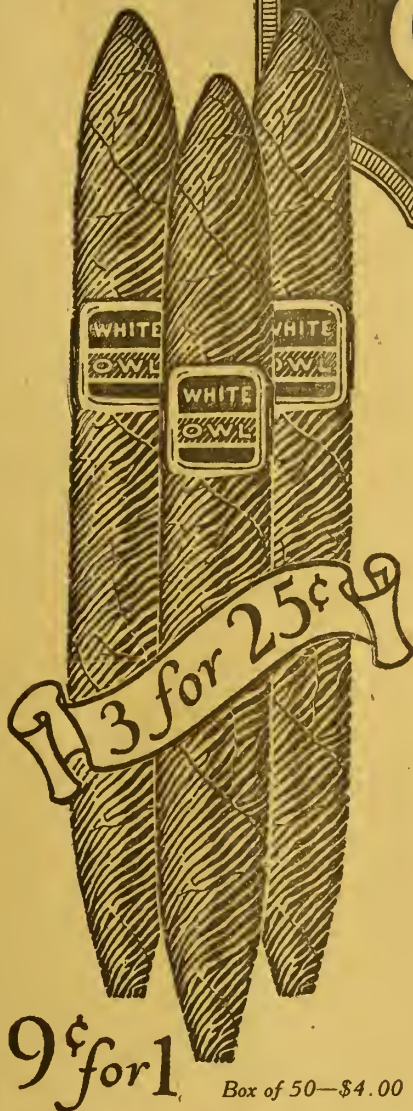
The Brooklyn swayed at anchor, just as when we came in, six months before. Her decks were lined with bluejackets. "Auld Lang Syne" sounded softly from the navy band, and a man up aloft wig-wagged "Good luck; think of us when you hit 'Frisco."

And now they are all coming back.

The Irish night watchman at the observatory was new. He paused to watch a man peering through a large telescope. Just then a star fell.

"Man aloive," he exclaimed in amazement. "You're sure a foine shot."

MARCH 19, 1920



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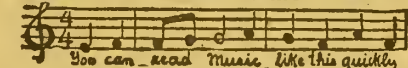
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THE WORLD'S MIRROR

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PAGE 23



A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder and treason—that on their entrance half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. About their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed.

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OCCUPATION..... Amer. Leg. 3-19-20

PAGE 24

HARD-BOILED TREATMENT FOR CRIPPLES

(Continued from page 7)

went for to fight for my country, not to bankrupt it. If the country is as hard up as that, I ain't going to have it spend it on a half man like me.

"Sometimes the fighting blood of a man is aroused. Another day, I met a big marine, again on crutches, again with one leg gone. I asked him if he had what he wanted. 'No, ma'am,' he said, 'not yet, but I expect to. Fighting Jerry was hard but it wasn't nothing to this battle of Fifth Ave.' He had a wife and he had to fight.

"I HAVE seen a man come through the gate from the line of chairs, when his patience had come to the breaking point, and come up to an advisor at his desk and say, 'Please, sir, won't you speak to me?' 'You go sit down on your chair,' the advisor said. The man was in pain, I could see from his face. 'But, sir,' he said in desperation, 'I will speak to you.' 'You will sit in that chair till I finish this dictating,' the advisor answered him.

"One time a man came to borrow money from the Red Cross. His security was that he was to get a job as advisor in the Vocational Board. I asked him if he had had training in that work. He said, 'No, but I have a brother-in-law on the Board.' His previous work was in a printing office.

"These substantially correct quotations speak for themselves and no comment is necessary. The names of the speakers are known to the writer in each case. (The WEEKLY has these names and will present them to the National Executive Committee.)

"The fundamental imperfections in the law seem to be the following: Eighty dollars a month is an insufficient provision for the man's living expenses, certainly in New York City. Boys who are undergoing vocational reeducation should not be forced to live at the minimum expense that will sustain life. That is practically on a pauper's budget. They should live cleanly, should be well nourished, well clothed, and in good moral atmosphere if the benefits that they are hoping to obtain can possibly be attained. My investigation shows that a minimum allowance of \$3.50 a day should be made. Second, the payments should be made in advance and not at the end of a month, or the end of two weeks.

"Elementary training should be given to any discharged soldier who asks for it, whether he was wounded severely or not. I have known cases where boys have applied to the Vocational Board for the privilege of studying English and have been flatly refused. One particular case is a boy who fought clear through the war, speaks no English at all, ex-

That Hard Boiled Top Kick

Man didn't he snatch all the joy right out of life,—I mean the morning your platoon was due for that rotten road work and you answered the sick call with your 'best' look of distress back of which you were hopin' you could get the old high sign 'Quarters' on the dotted line after your name. 'Well, what's eatin' YOU?' and he gave you a 'once over' that made you feel you'd be lucky to get out of his sight without being marked up for some extra K. P. Two CC pills, a grin from the C. Clerk and 'OUTSIDE YOU!' sent you disgusted with the army, back to the grinning gang.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

cept the *patois* that he picked up in the army, and earnestly desired to be educated. It seems to me a terrible thing that a boy who volunteered or who was drafted for the war, and acquired in his army life a desire for American life and American education should be refused.

"In regard to cases of major disability, the boys should be allowed liberty of choice for vocational re-education. It seems to me wholly ridiculous and entirely un-American that any board should decide entirely what a man's future should be.

"In regard to the personnel, not only in New York but among the direct superiors of the New York City Board, there has been a distinct apathy for the soldier. The impression is clearly given, however, in conversation with many of the advisors that it is a source of personal dissatisfaction to them that this work should have been undertaken on behalf of the soldiers, and emphasis is constantly laid on the fact 'that they are no better than anyone else, and on account of their serious disabilities are entitled to no consideration which should not be extended to civilians who may possibly be injured in the ordinary course of industry.' This is so pronounced that even in the publication known as *The Vocational Summary* paragraphs appeared on page after page emphasizing the greater proportion of civilians injured and disabled and minimizing the injuries caused by the war."

THE *Evening Post's* researches have been ably conducted by Harold A. Littledale, who disclosed the existence of the hard-boiled order which explains the practices described in the foregoing communication. The WEEKLY has shown that up to September 4, 1919, only 6,699 of the 200,000 men who have registered for training, had actually been placed in training, of which number only thirty-three had completed their re-education and had been placed in gainful occupations by the Board.

When this was published the Board said the WEEKLY had done it a grave injustice; that the mistakes of the past had been remedied, and that in a very short time the number in training and at work would greatly increase. Has that been the case? It has not. By February, 1920, only 24,000 disabled men were in training and only 217 had finished training and were working toward their new future.

But when one reads what this patriotic woman says the wonder ceases. The veteran has lost confidence in the nation he served—and redemption seems impossible at the hands of the present discredited Board. The American Legion is gathering data in every state, and shortly expects to announce a definite step for the relief of the betrayed and exploited men who gave most and received least from a grateful country.

MARCH 19, 1920



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Standard Business Training Institute
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Bulletin Board

The last fifteen army nurses sent to Siberia in 1918 have arrived at San Francisco.

Kearney, Nebr., has voted a \$100,000 bond issue to erect a memorial building in honor of the Buffalo County boys.

"He's the guy I punched in the jaw." Comment of Sgt. Harry Rourke, of San Francisco, on General Semenoff succeeding Kolchak.

Col. H. L. Gilchrist, chief of the Bureau of Delousing and Bathing in the A. E. F., has been lent to the Polish government.—News item.

Major H. M. Pinkerton is the new A. P. M. for the American Forces in Germany. With a name like that we're glad we're not A. W. O. L.

Former members of the Third Division in Coblenz recently organized a club with Corp. Fred A. Potter as president, and are engaging club rooms.

"Emergency clause" men are being discharged from the Regular Army. Some of them have served seven years, or four years more than they thought they would when they enlisted.

Eddie Rickenbacher's famous Spad has been sent from France to Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., where it will be kept as an exhibit, orders having been issued against flying it.

"Mr. Lindsay, earlier in the day, visited the High School and for three-quarters of an hour recited his poems."—Montclair (N. J.) Herald. How did the Y miss that bet?

Seven hundred workmen of the U. S. Fuel Company, at Benton, Ill., are reported to have struck because a cootie found his way into the establishment.

Dog slappers have made their way into the A. F. in G. Latest reports are that the third Battalion, 50th Infantry, has blossomed out in new canes with tricolor ribbons. Next thing they'll be wearing pajamas.

Gold chevron Red Cross workers of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut are organizing the Overseas Service League, to carry on the work during peace times, and be ready for another emergency call.

French wounded marching to a monument erected to those fallen at the front were attacked in Brest by Bolsheviks. Despite their wounds the vets taught their opponents a few things worth remembering. They won.

The young men of Winchester, Eng., complain that they are being bankrupted because the belles of the town acquired such expensive tastes from the Americans who passed through the famous rest camp there during the war.

Apparently Deutschland unter U. S. is not so dry as the home country. Josef Schneider advertises in the *Amarac News* he will buy M. T. wine and champagne bottles at 80 Pfg. each and Bordeaux bottles at 30 Pfg. each. "Will call for large quantities," he adds, obligingly.

Ever travel with a Texas outfit? Here's the latest on politics, from the *Cameron Herald*, describing what Senator Hicks thinks of Senator Bailey: "Mrs. Hicks gave his opinion on the question to-day." Is the Senator henpecked as well as dry?

The American Church in Paris is being rededicated into a permanent memorial of America's work in the war. The church will have a comprehensive plan of tablets, standards and gold star records, and will henceforth hold annual memorial and Armistice Day Services.

Not so long since that First Division got back, but they've made their mark again. This time it is shown by a letter of appreciation from the Governor of Kentucky, for their conduct at Lexington recently. "They brought order out of chaos," says that dignitary, "and without harshness or oppression they upheld the force of law."

Francs are down to more than thirteen of them for a dollar. Five francs, forty centimes was the prevailing rate in the days of the A. E. F. To offset this depreciation one French statesman in the chamber of deputies proposed to tax American tourists, exempting only ex-service men. His proposal was not considered seriously.

German brides of members of the American Forces can come to the United States. The wives, whose marriages must be valid, the order specifies with the usual thoroughness of G. Os, will travel on military papers, the state department not being able to issue passports in such cases.

We believe in the
AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY
as an advertising medium

The McKINLEY PHONOGRAPH



is without an equal

The President of one of our great Musical Conservatories, and a musical authority writes:

"After thoroughly testing the McKINLEY Phonograph I pronounce it a superior instrument. This includes resonance, unusual fidelity in reproducing all styles of music as well as voice. I congratulate you on your great achievement."

Name on request.
SEND NO MONEY
with the order. Try it first and then, after

A FREE TRIAL
If you like it, you can buy it on small payments without interest! Let us send you a catalog and our offer. May we?

Mention American Legion Weekly

McKINLEY MUSIC COMPANY
The Largest Sheet Music Mail Order House in the World
1501 to 1515 East 55th Street • Chicago



SHORTHAND IN ONE MONTH

WONDERFUL, New, Easy Method. Boyd Syllabic. Characters represent syllables. World's Record for speed and accuracy. No "shading," no "word signs," no "ruled lines." 100 to 150 words a minute in 30 days at your home guaranteed. Begin NOW and

IN 30 DAYS

you will be ready for a position. Judge Tompkins of the Supreme Court, New York, says: "The best stenographers I have ever had in my law office or in Court are Boyd writers." Boyd writers take first place everywhere. Send today for Catalog and Money Back Guarantee. Chicago Home Study Schools, Chicago, Ill. 540 Reaper Bldg.

Don't Wear a Truss

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads.



DR. E. C. BROOKS

Brooks' Rupture Appliance

Has Automatic Air Cushions, Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalog and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

Brooks Appliance Co., 396 B State Street, Marshall, Mich.

DISTRICT MANAGERS WANTED

Opportunity to become distributor for nationally advertised, long established, auto specialties. No competition. Unusual cooperation furnished to energetic hustling man or firm, one having a car preferred. Exclusive rights to real representative. Must finance small initial order. Unusually liberal profits. Write, giving address and telephone number. Alcom Mfg. Co., 151 Bridge Street, Newark, New Jersey.



Profitable Poultry

62 BREEDS Pure-Bred

Chickens, Geese Ducks, Turkeys. Fine Northern raised, hardy and vigorous. Fowls, Eggs, Incubators at Low Prices. Pioneer Poultry Farm. Valuable New Poultry Book and Catalog FREE.

F. A. NEUBERT, Box 299, Mankato, Minn.
THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY

WHITE LIES

Bill Smith was just a P-V-T
A-serving in the Infantry
And taking orders under me.

A simple cuss he seemed to me;
I never thought that he could be
A teacher of philosophy,

Till suddenly one awful night,
In rain and cold and sorry plight,
The Boche attacked upon our right.

Then just before that bloody fight
Bill scrawled this note by candlelight:
(I censored it with blurring sight.)

"Dear Ma," he wrote, "here's just a
line

To let you know I'm feeling fine.
This kind of life is hard to beat.
You ought to see the way I eat;
But then we've got the finest chow
In all the army anyhow.
They feed us meat and eggs and cakes
Until we all have tummyaches.
Our grub is always piping hot;
That stuff is all a lot of rot
About our being poorly fed,
And using pig-pens for a bed.
Why, listen Ma, I'm sleeping high
Up where it's nice and warm and dry;
It's in a dandy old chateau
Where princes slept not long ago.
There's shower baths and everything
That I could wish, if I were king.
It sure is great to see the way
The mail from home comes in each
day;

I guess I've had my full share too,
Most every day I hear from you.
Now don't you worry, Ma, for me;
I'm just as safe as safe can be.
For we are miles in the rear
And far from any danger here.
I guess the bloomin' war'll stop
Before I once go o'er the top.
I'm just as happy as can be.
This soldier-life agrees with me.
So, smile, Ma, 'twill not be long
Until we sing the victor's song,
And great will be your pride and joy
To greet your grown-up little boy."

I've marked his grave beyond the hill,
And though I wear 'a Sam Browne,
still

I learned a heap from Private Bill.
JOHN M. MARTIN.

Problem in Geography

"How much larger is Paris than
France?" asked the girl he left be-
hind him."

"Why do you ask such an absurd
question?"

"Because, she replied with malice
aforethought, "no matter where you
were going you always had to go
through Paris to get there."

We are waiting for the man who
failed "because he drank" to rise and
set the world on fire.

MARCH 19, 1920



Pretty Soft!

A Real He-man's Pillow Top for
Every Hero's Home

Only \$5.50

You'll want one of these fine hand-made pillow tops. Made of heaviest felt and beautifully decorated with the number and colors of your division and company. They make a live, snappy addition to the home of any service man. Buy one at this special price, \$5.50. You get one of the biggest bargains you ever saw in your life as this is the special price to you who saw service.

Retailers cannot carry them in stock. They must be made to your special order for your individual outfit. A pillow top of this splendid quality would retail at \$10.00; but we are manufacturers and can fill your order to your entire satisfaction at the special low price of \$5.50, postage prepaid to any address in the United States.

All we've got to say is, "After you get one of these handsome, specially made pillow tops keep your buddy's feet off it when next time he visits you."

Order to-day while prices are what they are. Don't hesitate as everything is going up. You will want one of these handsome tops so get it now. Be sure and state your division and company on the coupon below.

Marcus Simpson Co., 470 Eighth Ave., New York City

MARCUS SIMPSON & CO.,
470 Eighth Ave., New York

Please fill my order for..... Division Pillow
Top.

Enclosed find \$..... for..... pillows at \$5.50 each.

..... Division..... Company
..... Outfit

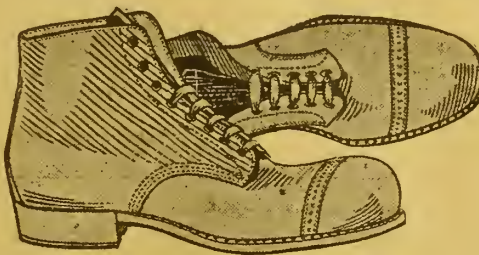
Ship to.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Sale of Government Marine Shoes

Just 8400 Pairs of Cordovan Dark Tan Shoes



HERE'S AN OPPORTUNITY that may never again come your way—so don't be content with a single pair, if you are wise. They are U. S. Government Shoes, built on the following Government specifications—guaranteeing sound substantial value.

"Made of extra plump weights of dark russet horse butts, full bellows tongues, blucher pattern, box toes, toe caps, either lined with best quality 10 oz. drilling, or unlined. Outside soles best scoured oak tanned plump hides, 9 iron or over in thickness. Heels are built of whole lifts, cut from hemlock or oak tanned leather."

IN ALL SIZES FROM 5 to 10.
With or without hobnails

At \$8.00 per pair Parcel Post
Prepaid

And you may order a pair on approval, to inspect them and convince yourself.
Your money back if you want it, if you prefer to send money with order.

OLD COLONY STORAGE COMPANY, Dept. A. L., 40 Court St., Boston, Mass.

Wholesale Dealers in Government Army Supplies

Mail your order today, for delay may mean disappointment. Bank reference: Tremont Trust Co. Boston, Mass.



EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

is the title of our 1920 catalogue—the most beautiful and complete horticultural publication of the year—really a book of 184 pages, 8 colored plates and over 1000 photo-engravings, showing actual results without exaggeration. It is a mine of information of everything in Gardening, either for pleasure or profit, and embodies the result of over seventy-two years of practical experience. To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution we make the following unusual offer:

Every Empty Envelope Counts As Cash

To every one who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses 10 cents we will mail the catalogue

And Also Send Free Of Charge
Our Famous "HENDERSON" COLLECTION OF SEEDS

containing one pack each of Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, White Tipped Scarlet Radish, Henderson's Invincible Asters, Henderson's Brilliant Mixture Poppies and Giant Waved Spencer Sweet Peas, in a coupon envelope, which when emptied and returned will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to \$1.00 and upward.

PETER HENDERSON & Co.

35 & 37
CORTELANDT ST.
NEW YORK CITY

60-WAR PICTURES—\$10

Guns in action, shells exploding, actual scenes following advances, barbed wire entanglements, dead in trenches, destroyed artillery, German prisoners. All original photos taken during War. One, a picture of German Kaiser and Crown Prince reviewing shock troops at Chateau Thierry—taken from German prisoner. This picture alone worth price of complete set. Every picture described. Will send pictures on approval to parties furnishing Bank reference or business card.

G. H. BANGERT c/o People's Bank, Buffalo, N. Y.

EX-SOLDIERS. Do you realize the value of so, why not put them in the best frame on the market for that purpose. Can be taken apart and put together in one minute. Double glass, and moulding same on both sides. Guaranteed to fit, or money refunded. Price, 1.25, pospaid.

VICTORY FRAMING CO.

5360 Tacony St.

Phila., Pa.

Advertising and The Weekly

Well—here we are again—

Crowded out last week—because of the amount of advertising we carried—

And before that—for three weeks—because we didn't publish.

You read the story why last week—

But our WEEKLY is a lot like our members—it may be down, but it's never out—

Now, as they say—let's go on with the story—

A lot better late than never—

Here's No. 1 of the "F—W—" letters.

We say No. 1 because it was the very first one received.

But it's pretty near No. 1 in quality as well; that is, in sound logic and common sense, well expressed.

Can you write one that's better?

Then show us—there's still time.

Mr. F. W. c-o Adv. Mgr.,

THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY,

Dear Sir:

Very few of America's "Millions for Defense"—were illiterate. All were more or less, readers of periodicals before the War.

The Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. cultivated their taste for periodicals during their camp life and overseas, consequently, can you be shown, F-W, that if a man is a constant reader of periodicals, and such like, that he will be interested in your product, providing the copy and set up of your ad is right?

F-W,—Listen to me! THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY vitally concerns every single man that is honored enough to be an American Legioner—it concerns every single man that counts himself—100 per cent. *American*—So! when you cater to us through our official medium, THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY, you are making an appeal to the highest class of prospects this good old country has for you.

Now, on the other hand—I'll grant you that the WEEKLY isn't such a grand artistic triumph as some other magazines I have in mind, but—give it time, man, *give it time!*

Just think, only about a year ago, we were just finishing up a dirty job—in fact, hadn't even thought about such a thing as the Legion, but we're there now and going strong—So—if you'll start along with us now—while we're young, it'll help us, and furthermore, you'll be such a constant companion by the time we're grown up, you cannot do without us.—See the point?

Why, you can't lose for winning—F-W.

(Signed) F. A. A.

Baltimore, Md.

You'll be interested to know that brother F. A. A's letter is written on the stationery of one of the leading manufacturers (and advertisers) of men's clothing.

Whose business we've been trying very hard to get started with us ever since last July.

Who admits that we present a very logical medium for his advertising—but—

Who, as yet, isn't absolutely convinced as to our permanence and "Reader Interest."

Who—in other words—has the "F-W" attitude himself.

And who also thinks that through the other magazines that he uses—he reaches the members of The American Legion.

Now you can see what effect it's going to have on him if we can show a whole bunch of letters like this one.

Will we get his business?

I'll say so!

We're going to publish some more of your letters from time to time.

Hadn't intended to publish any quite so soon.

But this—the first one—was too good to keep.

Meantime brother F. A. A.—accept our thanks.

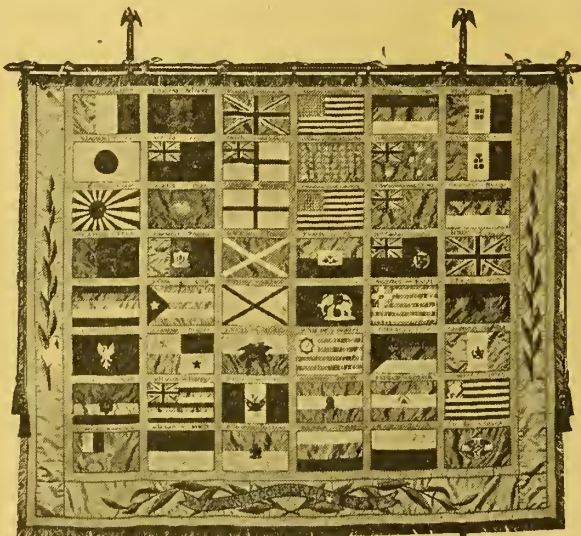
You made good.

THE ADVERTISING MANAGER,

627 West 43d Street

New York City.

THIS SERIES OF ARTICLES BEGAN IN THE ISSUE OF JAN. 2-1920.



AMARCHEAL FOCH
Généralissime des Armées Alliées
Président de l'Armée Française
1851-1920

A Silk Banner was sent to Marshal Foch by American friends in the United States, in recognition of his services in the cause of civilization.

The Banner has been reproduced in colors in poster form, size 24x17 inches. The poster with descriptive circular will be mailed postpaid, securely wrapped, upon receipt of \$1.00 each.

Note

The undersigned is devoting all profits from the Banner Poster business to War Relief Funds, to be distributed by established relief agencies in those countries most afflicted.



The Marshal Foch Photograph

A photographic reproduction of the Marshal Foch signed Photograph, mounted in a mat, ready for framing. Size of opening 7 1/4 x 5 3/4 inches. Mailed postpaid, securely wrapped, on receipt of \$3.00 each.

Note

All profits from the sales of Marshal Foch Photographs will be sent by the undersigned to the Marshal, to be distributed by him for French Relief.

Marshall Foch Victory-Harmony Banner Address:

William Albert Lorenz, 60 Prospect Street,
Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

DIAMONDS WATCHES

TEN PAYMENT PLAN

7½% Yearly Increase Guaranteed

SPECIAL TERMS—Ten months' credit on any article selected from the SWEET catalogue. **No money in advance.** 10% discount for cash. Shipment made for your examination. First payment to be made only after you have convinced yourself that SWEET values cannot be equalled. If not what you wish return at our expense. **Any diamond bought of us may be returned for exchange at an increased value of 7½% more than you paid.**

Only \$6.20 Per Month

SPECIAL VALUE

Sweet's Cluster
7 Fine Diamonds, set in Platinum. Looks like \$350 Solitaire.
Price \$77.50

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY
LW SWEET & CO. INC.
2-4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK

\$5,000 SALARIES

Often Paid to Traffic Managers

Be One! The traffic director of a Cleveland concern receives \$24,000 a year—a Detroit man \$19,500. Numberless positions pay \$2,500 to \$5,000 a year. Why such salaries? Because, the well trained traffic man can save his firm many times his salary. Recently a traffic man saved his concern \$24,000—another \$9,571—another \$36,000 and so on.

Learn at Home Through the new special home-study training system of the American Commerce Association you can quickly qualify for one of these splendid positions. The course is remarkably easy to master and costs but a few cents a day.

Book Free This book explains in detail this wonderful training—given by leading traffic experts. It tells you all about the unlimited opportunities in this new uncrowded profession. Write today. Address:

AMERICAN COMMERCE ASSOCIATION
Dept. 203 4043 Drexel Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

Were You at Camp Mills?

We have hundreds of uncalled for orders of films that were developed and printed for men who were stationed at Camp Mills between August, 1917, and November, 1919.

We would like to place these in the hands of the owners, or their relatives, who will appreciate the value of these pictures.

Communicate with us.

AGNEW'S KODAK SHOP
47 MAIN STREET HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.

STAMMER

If you stammer attend no stammering school till you get my big new FREE book and special rate. Largest and most successful school in the world curing all forms of defective speech by advanced natural method. Write to-day. North-Western School for Stammerers, Inc., 2373 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

MARCH 19, 1920

THE FIRST D. S. C.'s

The first award of Distinguished Service Crosses in the A. E. F. was made as a result of a little affair in a "quiet sector," such as the conservative author of the daily communique from Chaumont used to dismiss with the line, "Enemy raid repulsed; reciprocal artillery activity on the sector occupied by American troops."

The first order awarding the D. S. C. contained the names of First Lieutenant John N. Greene, Sixth Field Artillery, and Sergeants Patrick Walsh and William E. Norton, Eighteenth Infantry. The action was a raid on a portion of the Third Battalion, Eighteenth Infantry, which occupied strong-point F-1, in the Bois de Remieres, near Seicheprey, in the old Toul sector—a familiar country to many Americans.

The assault was made by a contingent of shock troops, a flying circus outfit, whose special mission was to move up and down the new American front and make things lively. It was launched against the strong-point, after brief but intense artillery preparation, before dawn on March 1, 1918.

When the Germans had overrun our outpost positions, Lieutenant Greene, who was a liaison officer between the infantry and the artillery, organized a command of orderlies, signal men, runners, and cooks in the rear, and went to the relief of the hard-pressed Third Battalion. His men fell upon the Boche with rifle-fire, bayonet and grenades, and were of great assistance in eventually driving off the attack.

Sergeant Walsh, after all of the officers of his company had been killed or disabled, took command, rallied the scattered company and led a counter-attack. After Walsh's force had killed nineteen men, the Germans began to retreat, with Walsh in pursuit. The Germans left two officers and 120 men dead or wounded on the field. Sergeant Walsh is one of the few men in the service who wears both the Medal of Honor and the D. S. C., the former having been awarded him in the Philippines.

Sergeant Norton was concealing maps in a dugout, when a German officer, with a grenade in one hand, a pistol in the other, and four men at his back, opened the door and conveyed the invitation in excellent English:

"Come out, you American dog, and fight."

Norton complied with alacrity. He seized his automatic and started to dash up the steps. The German hurled his grenade. It struck Norton on the head, knocking off his helmet, and bounded down the steps, wrecking the dugout by its explosion. Norton fired three times, killing the officer. The men fled.

LEARN

Autos AND Tractors



EARN \$100 TO \$400 PER MONTH

YOU can now quickly qualify for a good paying job and a bright future in the Auto and Tractor field. At our great school you learn how to operate, adjust and repair all makes of AUTOS, TRACTORS, TRUCKS AND GAS ENGINES at a tuition easily within your reach. Write for facts today.

Endorsed by Auto Factories, Graduates and Students

Thousands of our satisfied graduates have made good and are now earning big salaries. You can do it too. Our method of instruction is thorough and complete. You work with the actual tools and machines at this school under expert instructors. Every detail is included and made simple and clear.

Write for full particulars right away so you can start earning good money during the winter in the city or be ready for a spring job on the farm. Hundreds of other men are making good on the help The Milwaukee Motor School gave them. Don't let your opportunity slip!

FREE A fine Kit of 29 tools worth \$17.50 is given to everyone who enrolls now. They are yours to take home with you.

Send for our new **Free Book**—"Making You Master of the Auto." No obligation. Get full information. A letter or a postcard will do, but write at once.

MILWAUKEE MOTOR SCHOOL
Dept 1221 555 Downer Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

WANTED—Men that have seen service in France to handle the People's War History, Chronology and Cyclopedia, containing complete Honor Roll and Soldier's Scroll and autographed by W. A. Bishop, the World's Ace of Aces. Containing also complete map of Europe and the Battle Fields. Over 500 double column pages with over 1000 ordinary pages and more than 500 illustrations, full page, double page and colorplates of scenes in France and Belgium. Big money is made taking orders for this complete work. Write for terms and exclusive territory to the F. B. Dickerson Company, Detroit, Michigan.

Delivered TO YOU FREE



Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RAMBLER" bicycles. We pay the freight from Chicago to your town.

30 Days Free Trial allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test.

EASY PAYMENTS if desired, at a small advance over our Special Factory-to-Rider cash price.

Do not buy until you get our great new trial offer and low Factory-Direct-to-Rider terms and prices.

TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. **SEND NO MONEY** but write today for the big new Catalog.

HEAD CYCLE COMPANY

F. 166 CHICAGO

DRIVER AGENTS WANTED



116-inch Wheel Base 158-inch Spring Suspension

5-Place, Touring

To drive and demonstrate 1920, 4-cyl., 37 H. P. BUSH Car—Timken Bearings—Willard Batteries—2 Unit Ste. & Lge.—Full Floating Axel. Write at once for the best Automobile Offer in existence—don't wait—prompt shipments. Money-back guarantee.

BUSH Address J. H. Bush, President, Dept B217 MOTOR CO., Bush Temple, Chicago, Illinois

Farmers! Tradesmen! Housewives!

Our Household Guide and Dictionary of Every-day wants contains 20,000 receipts, formulas, trade secrets, etc.; every trade and profession represented. 530 pages, \$1.50; Twentieth Century Family Doctor, 1,175 pages, \$5.00; 3,000 Things Worth Knowing, calculations, secrets, legal items, business forms, etc., 410 pages, \$1.00. Ropp's Pocket Calculator 50 cents; Horse Owners Guide, 25 cents; Dairy Farming, \$2.00; Law for the Farmer, \$2.00; Catalogue of Books and Directory of Opportunities Wanted and For Sale in Farms, Business Chances, etc., 25 cents.

THE WORLD'S MIRROR Box 970 A.L., Houston, Texas

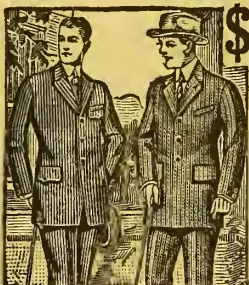
PAGE 29



STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

store, rejuvenate. Send three 2c stamps to cover mailing expenses, and I will send you my book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." Read this book. It is for your interest and welfare.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
1222 Strongfort Institute Newark, N. J.



\$18.00
Fine Suit
MADE TO MEASURE
Delivery Prepaid

SAMPLES FREE! A book full of cloth samples in all the latest colors, patterns, and weaves—the finest quality that money can buy. Every garment made to your measure, guaranteed fast color and delivered free. No extra charges.

Your Suit Won't Cost a Cent
If you have a few hours spare time your own suit won't cost a cent. We are paying good men \$10.00 to \$50.00 a week for all or spare time. No experience needed. Send no money—just your name and address.

LINCOLN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Dept. 315 CHICAGO



If You Have a Friendly Feeling for France
you will be glad of the chance to secure all the views you wish of any and all towns you are interested in.

We've gotten together sets of every town and section. These views are the special French process post-card in black and white.

Prices, by Parcel Post, C. O. D.
40 different views of any town you name..... \$1.00

25 of France's most beautiful cathedrals... .75
100 different views of Paris..... 2.50
1000 different views of all France..... 22.00

Prices on Special Sets by Request

HYMANS PUBLISHING COMPANY
298 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Letters and Advertising Matter

that "create interest, instill desire, clinch conviction and compel possession" of anything you have to sell. Injected with pulling power and pep. My writeups cannot fail to interest the prospect. Letters \$5.00 each. Series of three followup letters \$15.00. Analysis of your sales letter and advertising needs \$10.00. Member of the Legion and want your business. Special prices quoted on all kinds of advertising matter.

PUBLICITY ENGINEER NELSON
1210 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
PAGE 30

QUIT!

Pill, laxatives, saline waters and purgatives will not cure that constipated habit—you ought to know it by this time. Be sensible—you have been whipping your bowels shamelessly into action, and weakening their natural functioning more and more. Now you are full of ailments—your system is upset—your blood is poisoned—you are sluggish and dull witted—your food will not digest well—you lack stamina—you are nervous, listless, lack ambition—have no energy—no vitality—you are failing in manhood—it's all your own fault. No matter what your condition or ailment may be—under my method of physical and health upbuilding known as

STRONGFORTISM

you can be restored in vigor and vitality and be entirely free from constipation or any other ailment or disorder let it be what it may—whether you suffer from early excesses, induced by pernicious habits, or whether losses weaken you, or you feel your vitality waning—Strongfortism will re-

INFORMATION

Address, Editor, "Information," 627 West 43rd Street, New York City. To receive reply by letter enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.

369th Aero Squadron

To the Editor: Can you furnish me information as to the locations of the 369th Aero Squadron and the Division to which they belonged after their arrival in France, September, 1918?

CHARLES J. CONKLIN.

Norwich, N. Y.

The 369th Aero Squadron while in France was at Issoudun from September, 1918, to April 11, 1919; at St. Sebastien until May 5, 1919, and at St. Nazaire until May 13, 1919, when it embarked for the United States. This unit was not assigned to an army corps or division but served as part of 3rd Aviation Instruction Center, Inter. Section, S. O. S.

N. Y. State War Medal

To the Editor: I enlisted from New York State in 1917 and hear that they are giving a medal to men who served from that state. Is this true? If so, how can I get it?

WALTON HAMMOND.

Lebanon, Ind.

Blanks to make application for this medal may be obtained by writing the Bureau of War Records, Adjutant General's Office, Albany, N. Y.

Lost Discharge

To the Editor: I am a discharged soldier and served a year overseas. Now I have lost my discharge papers and would appreciate information as to what method to pursue to obtain some more.

J. H. MIKE.

Akron, Ohio.

The Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, will issue a Certificate of Discharge to replace a discharge which has been lost, burned, etc. He will not, however, issue another discharge.

Divisional Organization Points

To the Editor: Where were the following Divisions organized, what were their insignias and did they ever get to France? The Second Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth.

HAROLD SWASAY.

Lambertville, N. J.

Second Division organized in France. Insignia an Indian Head.

Third Division organized at Camp Green, N. C. Insignia three white stripes on a blue square. Arrived in France April, 1918.

Fourth Division organized at Camp Green, N. C. Insignia four ivy leaves. Arrived in France May, 1918.

Fifth Division organized at Camp Logan, Texas. Insignia a red diamond. Arrived in France May, 1918.

Sixth Division organized at Camp McClellan, Ala. Insignia a red pointed six cornered star. Arrived in France July, 1918.

Seventh Division organized at Camp Wheeler, Ga. Insignia two small black triangles on a red background. Arrived in France in August, 1918.

Eighth Division organized at Camp Fremont, Cal. Insignia a figure "8" with an arrow through it. Only the artillery, engineers and one regiment of Infantry from this Division had reached France when the Armistice was signed.

Ninth Division organized at Camp Sheridan, Ala. A yellow "9" on a blue circle, placed upon a red shield was its insignia. Did not get to France.

Tenth Division organized at Camp Funston, Kan. Insignia a Roman numeral "X" with a circle around it. Never got to France.

Eleventh Division organized at Camp Meade, Md. Insignia a profile of Lafayette. Did not get to France.

Twelfth Division organized at Camp Devens, Mass. Insignia a diamond with borders of gold, with a cross and two stars of gold and the numeral "12" superimposed on an inner blue background. Did not get to France.

Thirteenth Division organized at Camp Lewis, Wash. Insignia a black cat and white figures "13" inside a red inverted horseshoe, all on a blue background. Did not get to France.

Fourteenth Division organized at Camp Custer, Mich. Insignia the head of a wolverine. Did not get to France.

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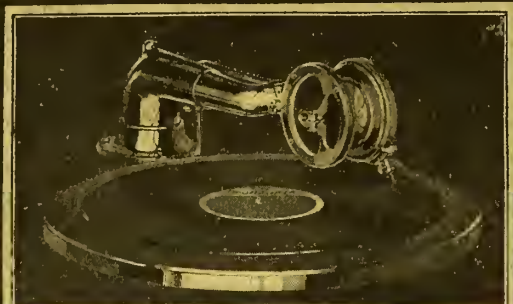
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